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SENATOR BLACK'S COMMITTEE investigating the utilities lobby rushed into action by calling to the witness stand Philip H. Gadsden, chairman of the Committee of Public Utility Executives. At once it was divulged that this organization had raised $151,865 from twenty-six utility companies, and that another $150,000 had been supplied by the Edison Electric Institute to pay two New York law firms. A further $50,000 had come in from utility companies, but according to Mr. Gadsden this is still on hand. Though summoned unexpectedly he had a statement ready, prepared with exemplary care, showing apportionment of every cent until June 30. But the statement chiefly covered printing and mailing, and did not even touch the cost of sending telegrams to Members of Congress. A memorandum found in Mr. Gadsden's files, presumably addressed to holding-company members, contained this sentence: "Your own advertising will further stimulate editorial comment all over the country." Mr. Gadsden professed to know nothing about it. Senator Black wisely decided to postpone further hearings while the groundwork of a nation-wide inquiry was laid. But the session was enough to demonstrate that the Senate committee means to uncover the utility lobby if it can be done, as against the House Rules Committee, also presumably investigating it but interested more in the activities of the Administration in behalf of the holding-company bill. Representative Brewster's charge against Thomas Corcoran has been fully aired. The propriety of Corcoran's activities is now merged into the greater question of the propriety of any attempt of the Administration to press forward its own program. But Mr. Brewster in raising this issue discredited himself as a man without convictions and as having an unhealthy preoccupation with the problem of how best to get himself reelected.

WHEN CONGRESSMAN DIES introduced his bill for bigger and better deportations he put it forward as a cure for unemployment. "If there were no aliens in this country," he said, with all the self-confidence of a patent-medicine advertisement, "we would not have an unemployment problem." The conservative press pounced upon his kindergarten economics and informed the Congressman that aliens are also consumers; and no less a person than Commissioner of Immigration MacCormack revealed that his mathematics were as bad as his economics by pointing out that the number of immigrants illegally in the United States may be estimated at 100,000 and not 3,500,000, as Mr. Dies, out of an overheated imagination, had asserted. But a reading of the bill itself indicates that its concern is not with solving unemployment. As we pointed out in our issue of July 3, the bill would require every alien to hold a permit from the Department of Labor. "The Labor Department," reads the text, "shall not issue a permit to work to any alien unless such alien can show that he entered the United States legally and is of good moral character and has not been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude and is not engaged in subversive political agitation or conduct, and unless the alien or his employer can show that there is no American citizen able and willing to accept or hold the job or position." Here is language as vicious as it is loose. Like the Tydings bill to protect the armed forces from propaganda, the Kramer bill providing a heavy fine and imprisonment for persons suggesting the "propriety" of "overthrowing the government by force and violence," and the Dickstein bill to deport aliens who disseminate "propaganda from foreign sources," the Dies measure is aimed at the growing number of people in the United States, citizens and non-citizens, who maintain that all is not quite right with our political system. Every one of these bills must be defeated.

CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE throughout the country are marshaling their forces to oppose the President's tax program. Their campaign will not do them great credit. Any economist worthy of the name will tell them that if capitalism is to be saved there must be much heavier direct taxation in all brackets, particularly the upper ones. Capitalism is a system of privilege; it also imposes a responsibility which those who benefit from it must bear. British capitalists know this, and consider most American

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business men in the kindergarten age for expecting to get their privileges at present rates. The representatives of business before the House committee made a sorry showing. The President's program is far from perfect, but they did not aim at its weak points; they fired at it with broadsides. The estate of the late Harry Payne Whitney, according to Roy C. Osgood, a Chicago banker, would have shrunk under the proposed schedules from $72,700,000 to $26,700,000. This will strike anyone but a banker as more than adequate for an American family. But Mr. Osgood was trying to make Congressional hair stand on end. The weakness in the President's program is that it is not comprehensive. It also puts into operation the philosophy of anti-bigness in its corporation-tax feature. Against this business men might make legitimate protest if they themselves were ready for government control of bigness. But they are ready for nothing but to escape paying their full share of the freight of capitalism. George H. McCaffrey for the Merchants' Association of New York laid down the amazing proposition that the only conceivable purpose of a tax plan is to balance the budget. Unless American capitalists are more seriously interested in creating a more social state, they will be astonished by the rapidity with which capitalism collapses. Its worst enemies are not the radicals but these business men when the subject of tax reform comes up for discussion.

THE TARIFF AGREEMENT with the Soviet Union lifts our relations with Russia to a level of wholesome normality, after the inexplicable collapse of the debt negotiations early this year. The debts were a thing apart from trade, and yet they were permitted to overshadow immediate realities. Now trade comes out of the partial eclipse, and we are assured of Soviet purchases in our markets of more than $30,000,000 worth of goods in twelve months, for which we offer lowered tariffs to Russian goods which should increase our Russian imports to about the same figure. These are not impressive figures but they double our exports during 1934, and more than double our imports. The debt question remains out of the picture, since the agreement was made under the powers vested in the President in the Tariff Act of 1934 and is not subject to Senatorial review. Russia, having no tariffs, offers no tariff reductions, agreeing instead to make the increased purchases. We offer the tariff rates given to Sweden, Belgium, and Haiti—not, be it noted, to Brazil. Brazil was granted a special rate on manganese which will divert some of our normal buying of this metal from Russia. So the bargain with Brazil is being kept. One immediate effect of the agreement was to annoy those Members of Congress who want us to have no truck with Russia even if it increases trade. Since there had been no news of the agreement before it was signed, they charge that the government did not fulfil the requirements of the act, which stipulate that the President shall give reasonable notice of the intention to negotiate an agreement under the act, so that special representations can be made to him by interested persons. We do not know what, if any, notice was given, but as the agreement is of obvious benefit we cannot see that any interest, beyond the maintenance of prejudice, has been injured. The agreement gives Ambassador Bullitt his first sizable success on a mission that has been for him a succession of disappointments.

THE DECISION to crown young Otto, candidate for the throne of Austria, will not be made in Vienna, or in Paris or Rome, but in the capitals of the Little Entente. If they choose, they can accept a Hapsburg restoration as being on the whole preferable to the nazification of Austria, and thus make it certain. Or they can hold to their determination to prevent it even at the cost of war. Rome is now ready for the coronation of Otto. Paris, weighing only its own interests, is not unfriendly to a plan which sets a high hurdle in the way of the Anschluss. But France cannot dominate the Little Entente over this issue as well as the Little Entente can dominate France. Austria has voted to restore to the Hapsburgs the royal property nationalized after the overthrow of the monarchy, and Otto is to be permitted to visit Vienna in a private capacity. Thus the campaign for restoration comes to the edge of success. But Titulescu, Rumania's Foreign Secretary, announces that the Little Entente has not abandoned its principles. "Mobilization," he declares, "would follow as a matter of course if the dynasty were reestablished in Vienna." As he has recently consulted King Carol and Prince Paul, the statement carries full authority. The rulers of Rumania and Jugoslavia agreed, it seems, to consider the restoration of Hapsburg properties as an internal Austrian affair, but to reaffirm their hostility to restoration. In the meantime, Austrian instability is seen in the brutal swiftness with which the Heimwehr leaders seized on the tragic accident in which the wife of Premier Schuschnigg was killed to try to capture his office for Prince Starhemberg, their leader. Had Schuschnigg been injured in the accident, Austria would have had to live through another coup.

THE BRITISH CABINET finally has rejected Lloyd George's "New Deal" after four months of delay, and he now can use his program for campaign purposes. This includes a "prosperity loan" of a billion and a quarter dollars for public works, the control of the Bank of England by industry and commerce as well as high finance, a permanent planning board to coordinate public expenditure, the reduction of the Cabinet to four or five ministers without portfolio, and government regulation of the coal, steel, cotton, and shipping industries. The scheme means little unless he can rally enough support in the next Parliament to hold the balance of power between the Conservative and Labor parties. At seventy-two Lloyd George remains mercurial and provoking. He is that rare occurrence, a lonely leader who has survived the shipwreck of his party.

WRITERS ON CENTRAL EUROPE have many times pointed out at length the toll which the post-war years have taken of those beleaguered peoples, but as an indication of desperation the suicide figures for Budapest are revealing in a way that a general discussion of the subject does not quite equal. In 1932 the average number of suicides was six per day; in 1933 it was nine; in 1934, eleven; and in the current year the average has reached thirteen. Recently twenty-eight persons committed suicide in Budapest in one day, out of a population of a million. The same number of suicides per million population in New York City would make a total of 33,125 annually. On the basis of such figures in Hungary the current year may show the appalling number of 4,745 suicides in the capital alone.

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At the same time the birth-rate has fallen by two-thirds. Four years of war and seventeen years of peace accompanied by fierce racial dissension and economic collapse have brought the once sparkling city on the Danube to these straits. And it is the crowning irony that the future seems to hold little promise of recovery, but on the contrary the threat of still another war.

ALFRED DREYFUS was once as famous as any man in his time. Families quarreled about him over the breakfast table, and his vindication was a world-wide triumph. It is difficult to remember, after more than thirty-five years, that Dreyfus actually spent a bare five years in prison before he was publicly exonerated by his country and given the cross of the Legion of Honor to boot. Yet those five years he once said left a mark on him which he would carry to his grave, and one need not doubt that they did. With just about as little evidence of his guilt, Tom Mooney has lived almost four times as long in a cell. If he is released, it will be because, as in the Dreyfus case, there were enough disinterested persons in the world to persist in championing him until justice was finally done. And now that August is coming around again, it should not be forgotten that two other prisoners of whose guilt the evidence was almost equally meager may not look forward hopefully to their ultimate release. Because a Governor of Massachusetts hoped to inherit the political good fortune of his predecessor, the sentence of Sacco and Vanzetti was not commuted to life imprisonment. Because they are dead, they will not in time know what it is to be free again, with their names cleared of a crime which to the last they steadfastly and credibly denied having committed. Proponents of the abolition of capital punishment sometimes seem as tiresome as single taxers, but there is no case which advances their cause more steadily or gives it more logic than that of the two in Massachusetts, who, unlike the more fortunate Dreyfus, were not permitted the simple decency of dying in their beds.

BECAUSE of our crowded space at the time we were unable to comment upon the excellent commencement address delivered last month by retiring President Joseph Ames of the Johns Hopkins University. Compared to the similar addresses of most other university presidents this year, especially the Hearstian anti-red one by President Angell of Yale, it is a little masterpiece. It is brief and sensible, but what particularly commands admiration is Dr. Ames's vigorous and courageous stand for free speech within and without the university classrooms. The conflict in its behalf, he said, "will never be over. Do not underestimate the forces against you. At the present time in this country they are fighting under the banner of patriotism and Americanism. But who defines the words for you? Look at them! . . . Back of all this talk of Americanism . . . lies the worship of that demi-god of the lower world, Orthodoxy, and back of Orthodoxy lurk the so-called Vested Interests." Then he added this sentence, which must have made strange reading to some of the members of the Johns Hopkins Board of Trustees: "It is absurd to think that the possession of money or the attainment of success in any way means that proof of right thinking or of right doing is secured." Dr. Ames's speech formed a glorious ending to his career as president of one of the most influential universities in the country.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, chairman of Great Britain's largest railway system, and director of the Bank of England, recently made a 12,000-mile journey through the United States, and sums up his impressions in the *Times* of July 14. He expresses his amazement at the failure of the country to appreciate the gravity of the constitutional issue, but he does so in words which will give small comfort to the Liberty League. "So far from the Constitution being fixed," he writes, "and any change or new features treated with great jealousy as something to be undertaken only under direct pressure, it should be a feature of the Constitution that provision for amendment should arise systematically and automatically, and at regular intervals. The burden of political discussion should be what matters are proper to insert in the regular constitutional-amendment act of a particular forthcoming year. It would be prepared for with the regularity of a Presidential election." Sir Josiah, who rose from the British civil service, finds that Americans do not understand that "one cannot safely legislate beyond the capacity of experienced administration to execute. There is little sense [in America] of the truth that administration is both a tradition and a technique." He reports that we take a too rosy view of British recovery, but he understood that orthodox Britain is not so much being praised as the Roosevelt regime is being blamed. "American reporters see things in black and white and have not much use for half-tones. . . . To say anything that would qualify the high optimism about British recovery was, in a sense, to blunt the edge of a favorite political weapon."

DEFINITIVE—for the moment—figures have come out on the subject of drunken automobile drivers, and we offer them for what they are worth. Assembled from official police statistics of forty-three cities in New York State, including New York City, they show a decrease of 33 per cent in arrests of drivers for drunkenness in 1933 and 1934, as compared with four typical prohibition years. In New York City, in 1928, 1,501 drunken drivers were arrested; in 1931, 1,214; in 1933 and 1934, 835 and 887, respectively. Other states show comparable declines as follows: California, 10 per cent; Connecticut, 32.2 per cent; Illinois, 33.8 per cent; Iowa, 40 per cent; Michigan, 34 per cent; and Virginia, 33 per cent. Pennsylvania alone shows an increase—29 per cent. These figures will doubtless be challenged by the one-time drys; and in the absence of strict definition of what constitutes a drunken driver, perhaps they should not be considered conclusive. They may indicate a real decline in the intemperate consumption of strong waters; they may, on the other hand, merely indicate that ten years of drinking prohibition spirits have so fortified the American driver that he can now hold equal quantities of better liquor with results less damaging to public safety. A new menace, however, has been discovered on the public highway. Young ladies in bathing suits are not allowed to promenade in sight of motorists on the Boston Strandway. According to Police Captain Edward Fallon, they constitute a danger to automobile traffic in that they might lure drivers to take their eyes from the all-important road ahead. So far no statistics are available as to the number of drivers arrested for looking at a bathing beauty, but we once knew a man who bumped into a lamppost because he had turned to watch a pretty girl.

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The Foolish Spending Program

OF all the contradictions and obscurities conjured up by the Roosevelt Administration, nothing surpasses the confusion in the policy of spending for public works in relief of unemployment. What is the objective of public spending? Is it merely to "purge the relief rolls," or is it to create employment? The newspapers agree that Harry Hopkins now is Number One spender, with Secretary Ickes a poor second. Mr. Hopkins is setting up a glorified and reformed CWA with the new qualification that all his projects must meet a high standard of social usefulness. Since he had 2,400,000 persons on work relief before the four-billion-dollar fund was created, he need only continue, elevate, and expand his former policy if he is to "purge" the rolls of a few hundred thousand more relief workers. Then the President's promise to find "useful" work for 3,500,000 persons this year will have been kept.

This would be reasonable only if the national objective is merely to purge the relief rolls, that is to say, if the chief evil is the cash dole. But a child can see that the evil is unemployment, and the policy must be not to end the dole but to create work. If it is argued that Mr. Hopkins, in purging the relief rolls, is creating work, the contention is a misleading half-truth. He is creating work for those on relief. The unemployed not on relief number probably another six million. For them Mr. Hopkins is doing nothing. They now find themselves in a penalized class; because they have managed not to appeal to the community for help, they are rewarded by not being helped. Not only that, the national policy of spending which might help them falls under the control of one man who is obsessed with the objective of purging relief rolls. More attention is paid to fulfilling the President's promise of taking all the able-bodied persons off relief than to finding work for the unemployed. This is sheer perversity. Assume that the relief rolls are purged; the unemployed not on relief will come to their senses and see that they only defeat themselves by not going on relief. The administration will then have a new roll to purge, which will cost another pretty sum of billions.

Strangely enough, this is being done in the name of self-respect. The cash dole is declared demoralizing; work relief is justified as strengthening individual character. The argument does not bear scrutiny. Things were better as Mr. Hopkins at first administered work relief, for he asked a person to work only for the hours, figured at his normal wage, which would equal the amount of his relief. That is, a dollar-an-hour man, drawing fifty dollars a month, worked fifty hours a month. Thus Mr. Hopkins recognized the price of a person's skill. Now the worker is classed as unskilled, intermediate, skilled, or professional, is made to work a fixed minimum of 140 hours a month, and receive payment which, at a rough estimate, is about 30 per cent below current wages. The price value of his skill is thus destroyed, and the self-respect he derived from having it socially recognized is destroyed with it. The alleged degradation of cash relief is supplanted by the genuine degradation of a work-gang status.

The projects of Mr. Ickes are let out under contract, and labor is employed by the contractor at current rates. The PWA takes men where it can find them; they can be on relief, they can have fought sucessfully to stay off relief. They are paid the going wage. Here no sophistries are called for about saving self-respect and preserving skills. A man gets a job which without PWA he would not have had. He earns his money—he will be discharged if he doesn't. As far as he is concerned his status is no different than if the project had been created by private enterprise. Why is this not in every way a more desirable method of relieving unemployment? The common answer is that Mr. Ickes is painfully slow, and has set up such rock-ribbed standards that few projects can meet his requirements. He did hurriedly create an unwieldy central administration, which has not always functioned smoothly; and when it was a choice between time on the one hand and legality and security on the other, he snapped his fingers at time. In so far as the PWA machine became clogged, he can be criticized, but this defect should not be exaggerated. He has made worse mistakes; for instance, he might have pressed much more actively the building of municipal light plants, instead of getting lost in the jungle of negotiating rate increases with local utilities. But he deserves full credit for setting a high standard for performance and integrity once work was under way. His greatest difficulty was the limitation of the public grant on PWA projects to 30 per cent. That has now been raised to 45 per cent, and the government is offering an unusual bargain, a public-works project, quality beyond challenge, for fifty-five cents on the dollar. This ought to bring plenty of new projects; it opens up the prospect of relieving unemployment on a national scale.

But here we come to the astounding contradiction in this spending policy. Mr. Ickes is offering his bargain at a 45 per cent reduction. Just across the street Mr. Hopkins is bidding against him (it comes to this) by offering to build public works for nothing. That is, Mr. Hopkins can make a public grant up to 100 per cent. His wares are not so alluring, for his projects have to be built by relief-roll labor, working at depressed wages, and the job on the whole is hastier and likely to be less perfect. The division between Mr. Ickes, who controls projects costing more than $25,000, and Mr. Hopkins, who controls all lesser ones, is not genuine, since the projects rejected by the PWA can go back to Mr. Hopkins for further consideration. Is there any doubt which bidder will get the business? A few will go to Mr. Ickes because they like the quality of his services. Most will go to Mr. Hopkins to get something for next to nothing. This policy is ridiculous, and must be revised. Mr. Hopkins must not bid against Mr. Ickes; the unemployed not on relief must have every consideration; the money must be spent at current wages until it is demonstrated that no more can be spent in that way; and then the unemployed should have cash relief. There are signs that the folly of the present system is making itself apparent, and Mr. Ickes is to have sole charge, at least, of low-cost housing. But we see no sign that the false philosophy of "purging the relief rolls" will be abandoned.

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The Wolf and the Lamb

THE League of Nations, wounded at Corfu in 1923, and over whose corpse Japan seized Manchuria and the war in the Gran Chaco went on for years, should, now that the Abyssinian affair seems well on the way to its denouement, be buried, not so much in the interest of justice as of public health and decency. After several weeks of footless discussion the Italo-Abyssinian Conciliation Commission gave up the ghost at Scheveningen. Although the purpose of the commission's negotiations had been peaceful settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, with particular reference to the affair at Ualual, the Italian delegates refused further mediation when Professor Gaston Jeze, in presenting Abyssinia's case, insisted on declaring that Ualual was in Abyssinian territory, as pertinent to the discussion. Although the creation of the League commission of four on May 25 provided, in the event of a disagreement, for the selection of a fifth member who might bring about an adjudication, the commission adjourned without any proposals for further meetings. Abyssinia has now demanded that the dispute be brought before the League Council at its meeting in August, but even Emperor Haile Selassie must know, what the European countries are at no pains to conceal, on how frail a reed he is leaning when he suggests such further negotiation.

How pertinent is the old fable! The wolf said to the lamb, "I shall eat you for muddying the water," and when the lamb attempted to explain that this was impossible, since he was drinking below stream, the wolf replied: "Then I shall eat you anyway. Why do I need an excuse?" In the modern version there is, of course, a difference. The wolf is supported by a circle of other wolves, which, if they are not prepared to join in the banquet, are at least determined not to interfere.

It is predicted that the war will begin in September, when the rainy season has ended. Signor Mussolini declares that nothing shall stand in the way of his conquest of Abyssinia! Rome considered the attempt of the American and French delegates at Scheveningen to prolong the discussions a plan to "wreck the commission," and Italian officials are unable to understand any suggestion that the United States might invoke the Kellogg Pact, since this country "has no sphere of influence" in Abyssinia. Simple adherence to a treaty to which Italy and the United States were parties, and which attempted to make war impossible, is incomprehensible to a country bent on territorial aggrandizement at whatever cost.

As a result of Secretary Hull's latest discussions with the French, British, and Italian ambassadors on July 11, at which, without actually invoking the pact to outlaw war, he expressed the deep concern of the United States for the preservation of peace, it is not unlikely that further discussions will take place in an attempt to prevent hostilities. But it would be idle to suppose that any such negotiations will be successful. The Duce is playing the game with all his cards on the table, and he is well aware that no country has given any indication of effectively challenging him, or is likely to do so. France, Great Britain, Japan, even Sweden are politely disassociating themselves from the affair, if not directly then by joining the embargo against the exportation of arms to Abyssinia. A particularly ominous note has been struck in the declaration of the International Red Cross that it will not be able to be of aid to Abyssinia in the event of war, since the Emperor has not yet found it possible to give the necessary guaranties demanded by the Geneva Red Cross Convention of 1929. The lamb, in other words, will be eaten; and not only will the slaughter take place without interference, but such wounds as it may suffer before its final demise will not be ministered to in the manner which has been demanded by humanity for more than half a century.

At least one thing should be eminently clear from the progress of the Italo-Abyssinian struggle. Not only is the League of Nations shown—one may hope for the last time—to be hopelessly inadequate to deal with international disputes when these are projected by a determined and predatory government, but treaties to "outlaw war" are equally displayed to the world in all their futility. The system of economic sanctions, moreover, when it takes the form of an embargo on the exportation of arms to a belligerent or about-to-be belligerent country, is shown to have its weaknesses. Italy, with a handsome corps of munitions factories to call upon, is not concerned with the problem. Abyssinia must buy arms from other countries, and however admirable in principle may be their refusal to sell munitions of war, in fact this refusal contributes to the weakness of what is already incomparably the weaker nation. In the face of the time-honored processes of aggression, in short, our modern diplomacy is shown to have few advantages over the old system. It takes more than a signature on a treaty to stop a tyrant.

There Will Come Thousands

TWENTY-TWO obscure Americans were killed in the first six months of 1935 in the course of that ceaseless battle between the haves and the have-nots which at any moment may cause some quiet American street to bloom with tear gas and bring armed men running to factory gates. Of the twenty-two thirteen were killed during strikes; the following accounts of how their lives came to an end reveal in a few sharp strokes the plight of the disinherited and the forces ranged against them.

February 3. Columbus ("Pink") Walker, Rossville, Georgia. Walker was an unemployed man, a sympathizer of the United Textile Workers of America. He was shot by a scab during a strike at the Richmond Hosiery Mills.

February 17. Paul Knight of Santa Maria, California. Killed at El Centro by vigilantes during a strike of lettuce workers, under the leadership of the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union.

April 4. Ignacio Velarde, Gallup, New Mexico. Unemployed veteran killed by the fire of the sheriff and his deputies during a workers' demonstration against the eviction of unemployed miners.

April 17. Andy Latiska, Toronto, Ohio. Killed when guardsmen poured a hundred shots into the crowd of strikers at the Kaul Clay Company.

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May 11. Fonie Stephens, La Grange, Georgia. Injured by national guardsmen who were evicting strikers from the company houses. Died in hospital as result of these injuries.

June 14. John W. Duster, Omaha, Nebraska. Killed by police fire during the strike of street-car men.

June 14. George Melhelm, Canton, Ohio. Died in hospital from injuries received when struck by tear-gas bomb fired by Republic Steel Company guards during the strike at the Berger Manufacturing Company.

June 21. W. H. Kaarte, Eureka, California. Killed in attack by police with riot guns and tear gas at Holmes-Eureka mill, where lumber workers were on strike.

The idiocy of poverty in the midst of plenty has often been pointed out. It is as nothing to the tragedy inherent in the facts here tabulated. In practically every case it would be found that the immediate point at issue in the struggle that ended with the death of one opponent was not the right to that good life which could be provided to every American out of the richness of his country and the intelligence and skill of his fellow-countrymen. Instead, the point at issue was the difference between one starvation wage and another, between twenty cents an hour for picking lettuce and thirty cents an hour, between ten dollars a week for working long hours in a dangerous industry and twelve dollars a week, and in the case of the miserable share-cropper between complete destitution and abject poverty. There is a final idiocy. In every case the forces of the government were aligned not with those who were attempting to realize ever so faintly the intelligent American dream of material well-being, but with those who would shatter it to bits in order to preserve the anachronism of private profit.

Such a state of affairs cannot last forever. Meanwhile such organizations as the International Labor Defense, which compiled the casualty list here cited, perform an extremely important function. The I. L. D. has just issued a pamphlet on the occasion of its tenth anniversary which provides a brief history of working-class heroism in the fight for that "American standard of living" which all school children are taught to believe in. (It also contains explicit practical instructions on what to do when arrested.) In general, it makes excellent reading. We had forgotten that this inscription is engraved on the Statue of Liberty: "Send us your huddled masses yearning to be free. . . ." We were moved as by the Spirit of '76 when we read the telegram that Joe Hill sent to Big Bill Haywood just before Hill's execution by a firing squad. "Goodby, Bill. I will die like a true-blue rebel. Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize." And the speech of Angelo Herndon as he faced an all-white jury just before being sentenced to long years on a Georgia chain-gang is authentically American in its revolutionary eloquence:

> You may do what you will with Angelo Herndon. You may indict him. You may put him in jail. But there will come thousands of Angelo Herndons. If you really want to do anything about the case, you must go out and indict the social system. . . . You may succeed in killing one, two, even a score of working-class organizers. But you cannot kill the working class.

Twenty-two workers have already been killed in 1935. Many others are in prison. In their behalf we pass on the slogan of the I. L. D.: "They gave their freedom. Give them your support."

Censored!

IN the striking little pamphlet "Censored!" got out by the National Committee Against Censorship of the Theater Arts and sold for five cents, there is one thing that strikes us as a bit disingenuous. Mark Marvin contributes an introductory plea "For a Free Stage" and in the course of it discusses conditions in Europe, where "in the continuous crisis that has followed the World War censorship accompanied the growth of fascist power and fascist 'culture.'" Germany, Italy, and Austria are taken up in turn, but evidently Russia is not considered a part of Europe since no mention is made of any censorships exercised there.

Otherwise the pamphlet is well worth reading, especially for its summary of recent incidents which demonstrate how widespread is the tendency at the moment to use either police powers or extra-legal terrorism for the purpose of preventing the performance of plays written from a radical point of view. Clifford Odets's effective tour de force "Waiting for Lefty," just at the end of a long New York run, has already quite a history behind it. Boston, following its recent tradition, promptly forbade a performance. During the same week the New Haven school board revoked the permission previously granted to perform it in a school building, and in Chelsea, Massachusetts, a policeman broke up a performance. In Newark the New Theater League, after having its permission to use a school building revoked, rented a theater only to find that the police had discovered, four hours before the scheduled performance, hitherto unsuspected fire hazards in the building. Fortunately, however, the story has a happy ending in Newark. As a result of a protest meeting, the mayor and the other city officials have been compelled to grant the use of the school building and have assured a citizens' committee that no more attempts will be made to break up a performance.

The American theater has never shared even theoretically in the right of free speech guaranteed to the printed word, and it is too bad that liberalism has not in the past made any general effort to obtain a recognition of its right to the same status as any other form of expression. There is, of course, a disposition on the part of some radicals to deny the value of "constitutional guaranties," and the right of free speech is undoubtedly violated often enough. But that such are nevertheless worth a good deal is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that in the specific case under consideration a book has rights which an acted play has not. Doubtless the same persons who object to a performance of "Waiting for Lefty" would be equally glad to suppress the volume in which it is printed. Yet any citizen of Newark can read it if he likes. And the press's theoretical right to freedom is worth just that much.

It is also worth remarking that high-handed police methods in dealing with the theater may easily pave the way for the gradual extension of such methods into other fields. Sometimes liberty is lost all at once; at least as often it disappears bit by bit. The citizen who has become accustomed to seeing theaters closed by executive fiat is already half prepared to see newspapers suspended and books refused publication in the same way.

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Issues and Men

Mirage of Gold

Skagway, July 1

I HAVE just passed by train along the line of the gold rush of 1898 to the Klondike, looking down from the tracks above upon Dead Horse Gulch in White Pass. Through here, and through the Chilkoot Pass, thousands of men, in rain and snow and under clear skies, suffered, struggled, fought, and died in their mad efforts to be the first to reach the newly discovered gold. Near the summit of White Pass the train stops at a monument on which is a tablet recalling the death in this brutal vale of three thousand horses and mules, tortured, starved, beaten, and overloaded by men whose one thought was to beat everyone else to the Eldorado. Because most of their masters were unfamiliar with the art of packing, many of these animals were literally skinned alive or lost their balance in dangerous places; according to one eyewitness, the toilsome procession up that ravine passed one dead animal after another. When the stout-hearted and physically capable had surmounted the pass and crossed over to Canadian soil, into the Yukon Territory, they might well have lost heart on facing the appalling treeless waste, the mountains of rock, the deep snow, the bitter winds which confronted them there nearly four thousand feet above sea level.

Now even the trail itself is rapidly disappearing as a result of snow slides and cave-ins and the rotting away of bridges across the mountain stream which flows through the gulch. I doubt if it could be climbed today. At the foot of Dead Horse Gulch White City arose overnight and in no time at all contained ten thousand persons—it is hard to see today how they could possibly have found places for their tents and shacks and log cabins upon those sloping hillsides. The site of the "city" is marked only by a single cabin and by a white cross erected in memory of a packhorse-caravan operator who returned a year ago to the scene of his activities and died that night as he slept rolled up in his blankets where he had camped many a night before. But the disappearance of this "city" is not an isolated case. At Lake Bennett the railroad station and a deserted, windowless, rotting log church alone survive in the place where another ten thousand lived and coined money out of the hordes who bought or built flimsy rafts and boats of every kind and description to ferry themselves and their animals—if they still had any—down Lake Bennett and the connecting rivers and lakes which finally empty into the Yukon. In the old days the lake teemed with every kind of craft because nobody went overland from there. All trusted to the water and the currents, and not a few lost their lives at White Horse many miles beyond. When we passed Lake Bennett, the only craft on the water was a seaplane—now become an extremely valuable adjunct of life under the Arctic Circle, which is only 460 miles from Bennett. What a fortune its owner could have made in 1898! Men would have torn each other to pieces for seats on that plane and the privilege of reaching Dawson, the gateway to the Klondike, in a few hours.

It now takes thirty-six hours by stern-wheel steamer from White Horse to Dawson, the end of the railroad, and four days back against a terrific current. Dawson, the great boom town, also has vanished. There were thirty thousand people there at one time in the saloons and dance halls and in cabins and tents and homes of every description, in addition to the miners who came there in droves to blow in within two or three days the money they had toiled for months to acquire. Today it is a staid, sober community, well policed by the red-coated Mounted Police, as friendly and kindly disposed as the old Dawson was reckless, devil-may-care, and utterly indifferent to the fate of any individual. Significant is the fact that mining ceased years ago to be the work of gravel-washing gold-seekers on their own. It has become the job of great corporations, whose machinery, here as elsewhere, produces steadily year in and year out, but which do not seem to have gained as much from the Roosevelt gold policy as might have been expected. Those who made or expected to make a fortune by a lucky strike have long since disappeared.

Finally, here is Skagway, a mere wreck of its former boom greatness. I counted up to fifty houses and stores falling to pieces and then stopped. There is an indescribable air of desolation about it, like the decaying villages one sees occasionally in Vermont and New Hampshire sinking gradually back into the embraces of Mother Earth. Hardly five hundred permanent residents remain here, living off tourists or connected with the railroad. Take away the railroad, and Skagway would follow White City to oblivion. *Sic transit*—the mirage of gold.

For it was a mirage—nothing more and nothing less. It is impossible to make a balance sheet of that gold rush, to foot up the loss of men, the destruction of animals, the waste of property and to offset it with the results achieved. But the Bishop of Yukon Territory says that more money was brought in and spent by those who took part in the gold rush than was actually taken out in nuggets of the precious material. That is astounding and enlightening indeed. Yet I have no doubt that if another bonanza were reported tomorrow, there would be a mad rush of airplanes and caterpillar tractors and motor cars and mules and horses to the scene. You would not be able to make people listen to the story of what took place in 1898 and of how little those who reached the promised land got and kept. The Bishop says that of the numerous Indians who made large sums of money by the sale of their holdings of land he knows of only one who kept a fraction of the money thus obtained. But the lure of gold, of private profit, is as great as ever and always a mirage.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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"But, dear, I only want to civilize you!"

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Huey Long Chokes New Orleans

By C. H. CAMPBELL

New Orleans, July 8

THIS tale of the City Hall That Moved to Washington was begun on July 4. But five days is a long time in Louisiana today, and last week is now ancient history. Twenty-five new laws have since then been placed on the statute books of the state, laws that have no other object than to tighten the grip of the state's dictator, Huey P. Long.

At a moderate estimate, some 50,000 employees of the state and its subdivisions are placed by this new legislation directly under the dictator's thumb as far as their jobs are concerned. They include school teachers and policemen, library workers, garbage collectors, and employees of the courts. All this was done under the pious name of civil service. But although the new laws, and some that were passed at preceding extraordinary sessions of the legislature under the Long whip, apply to the entire state, their major object is the control of the city of New Orleans, which has crept under the wing of the federal government under previous attacks by the Long machine and now seems destined to lose its independence altogether unless the national administration finances it and the federal courts support it.

Twenty days from today, the effective date of the latest state laws, there will be twelve office-holders in City Hall who are not removable at will by Senator Long, and none of those twelve may name so much as his own stenographer or clerk without Long's approval. Seven of the twelve are the assessors who fix the value of property for taxation. The other five are the Mayor and the four members of the city's Commission Council, named by the electors of the city by a decisive majority over Long opposition.

At the Criminal Courts building an efficient, honest District Attorney, Eugene Stanley, may not choose his own assistants or his clerks, and not even the name of civil service is given to this, for they are to be appointed by the Attorney General of the state, a subservient tool of Senator Long's. Furthermore, the Attorney General at any time he chooses may supersede the District Attorney in any prosecution, and the courts themselves are barred from preventing him.

Months ago Senator Long set out to bend New Orleans to his will, or break it. Here was organized opposition; here the people at the polls had defeated his candidates for mayor and council and other city offices; here he must make sure of the votes to protect him against signs of waning strength in some of his old strongholds in the country parishes. First he obtained control of the state Supreme Court, highest tribunal, a control represented by a bare majority of four votes to three—the court always shows just that ratio in decisions involving cases with a political flavor. Already the legislature, save for a dwindling minority, was merely a rubber stamp for his will. The court now would approve any act the legislature might pass.

But it soon developed that there was more in the high-court control than that. The Attorney General went into the Supreme Court and said in effect that the City of New Orleans was bankrupt, that the state desired to institute concursus proceedings to establish its exact financial status and to protect creditors, but that all the judges in the city were biased or too busy and would the Supreme Court please appoint some other judge to hear the case. Four to three, the Supreme Court did please, naming Judge Amos Lee Ponder of Amite, a country jurist who had long been a creature of the state machine. Judge Ponder immediately issued an order for a hearing and for the production of the city's financial records.

The city replied with one of its first moves for federal protection. It went into the court of United States District Judge Wayne G. Borah, nephew of the Senator from Idaho, and asked for permission to reorganize the city's finances under the terms of New Deal legislation, amending the bankruptcy act to apply to municipalities. Judge Borah stayed the action before Judge Ponder pending a hearing, and the city obtained the consent of the New Orleans banks, its largest creditors, to a reorganization plan whereby overdue loans on anticipated tax receipts would in the future have fixed maturity dates instead of being demand paper. These overdue loans resulted from delinquent tax collections, resulting, in turn, from the general business depression; they were fully covered by the property involved but the city did not wish to sell it for taxes at such a time. Judge Borah approved the plan. As soon as he had done so, the city, hard pressed financially because it no longer had the fiscal-agency contracts under which it was wont to anticipate tax revenues for current expenses, and faced further with legislative action delaying the tax-collection date until October 1, went to the banks and asked a loan of $3,286,000 for operating expenses during 1935. The bulk of this was to be used for expenses from June 1 through December, and the balance for bills incurred during the first four months of the year and for back salaries due city employees, who had been struggling along on half pay nearly all of that time.

The banks seemed about to grant the loan, when the state announced a suspensive appeal from Judge Borah's decision. Immediately the banks wrote Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley, one of the chief objectives of the Long attack, that they considered this appeal to mean that the legality of outstanding loans to the city was still under attack, and that under the circumstances they could lend no more.

Once more the city turned to the federal government. The Mayor went to Washington with a member of the directorate of every bank in the city and asked the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for a loan. The bankers said they thought the paper was good but they could go no farther because of their previous loans. The head of the RFC, Jesse H. Jones, agreed, but said he had no legal authority to make such a loan. The Mayor turned to the Federal Reserve Bank. He was told that while the bank had the right to make the loan, it was designed to assist member banks and not to deal directly with a municipality. The city was still without funds.

While the city government was turning this way and that in search of money, and paying half salaries or less to

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its employees from funds obtained through discount offers for tax prepayments, liquor licenses, and other smaller revenue sources, Senator Long struck another blow, this time at personal liberty; and again the aid of the federal court was sought as the only protection against oppression.

Colonel John P. Sullivan, long in politics, a bitter foe of the Senator, was charged by the Attorney General's office in the criminal court with "operating a confidence game" in connection with certain transactions between a Homestead Association of which he was attorney and a director, and a realty company in which he was a large stockholder. The transactions were years old. They had been mentioned by Senator Long more than a year before in a Senate committee hearing. But the charge was filed with the statement that prescription had not run because the facts had only just been brought to the attention of the Attorney General.

No sooner was the charge filed against Colonel Sullivan than the Attorney General obtained from the state Supreme Court an order recusing all the local criminal-court judges and naming to hear the case Judge Mark C. Pickrel, a Long appointee to a judgeship at Lake Charles, Louisiana, 200 miles away. Colonel Sullivan's attorneys then went into federal court and asked transfer of the case under an article in the federal revised statutes that provides for such transfer where the defendant can show that he would not get a fair trial in the state court. On the date set for his arraignment Colonel Sullivan did not appear before Judge Pickrel. His attorneys mentioned their federal pleading. It made no difference to the judge; he ordered a warrant issued for Colonel Sullivan's immediate arrest. The attorneys had to rush to federal court and get from Judge Borah a writ staying proceedings before Judge Pickrel and setting a hearing before himself in November.

Now Colonel Sullivan is not highly regarded by some people in New Orleans. Many who are opposed to Senator Long politically are also opposed to political leadership by the Colonel, although many of these undoubtedly would consider him by far the lesser evil. But by this case he has become a symbol for all opposition to Long. For should the federal court decide in the fall that it has no jurisdiction in his case, who could oppose Long's domination and feel safe in a kangaroo court of Long's making?

After the Sullivan charge was filed, Judge Ponder appeared again on the scene, this time appointed by the Supreme Court (four to three) to hear receivership proceedings brought by the Attorney General against the Sewerage and Water Board, which provides the city's drainage and sewerage and its water supply. The board had obtained a $2,500,000 loan and grant from the Public Works Administration to make needed improvements and to put men to work. It was a local board, named by the City Council. But the $2,500,000 looked like a lot of money to spend on patronage and fat contracts. The fifth special session of the legislature in a year rearranged the manner of appointment to the board so as to give Long control. Into federal court went the city —thinly disguised as out-of-the-state taxpayers and bondholders of the board—and obtained an injunction against the new board, which in the meantime had been declared legally constituted by the state courts. The injunction meant that the city-controlled board could go on with its spending of the federal funds, at least pending final decisions against it. Hence the receivership proceedings and the reentry of Judge Ponder on the scene, plus an injunction to prevent disbursement of the money. Once more the city appeared in federal court, seeking adjudication of the board's finances. Judge Borah remanded the case to the state court, but now is considering a rehearing. Many workmen, meanwhile, are idle.

While all these things were going on, the city began to feel the effects of the various punitive acts of the more recent legislative sessions. It had reduced its budget from $8,815,386.94 in 1929 to $6,655,058.34 in 1935, trimming everywhere possible to meet the reduction in revenues that followed depressed times. But the legislature made its position more difficult by retaining $700,000 annually turned back by the state from highway gasoline taxes for use on city streets, by taking away the right of the city to certain license taxes, and by forcing increased appropriations for the police and fire departments, which by yet another legislative act had been put under state boards having no connection with the city government, not even a nominal one.

A few weeks ago it became evident that the city could not find money to pay its employees any part of their salaries. Most of them seemed determined to carry on as long as they could possibly obtain food and rent on credit, but certain leaders among the garbage collectors, stirred up, it has since developed, by Long agents, issued an ultimatum: if their pay was not forthcoming, they would strike. And strike they did, for there was no source whence their pay could come. The city treasury was completely empty.

Once again the city looked to the Great White Father in Washington. The order came down the line to the local offices of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. The garbage men were to be put on the relief rolls and the collection of garbage in New Orleans was to become an FERA project. Not only that, but employees in nine other city departments—"departments essential to the health and safety of the city"—were to be paid in the same way. These were employees of the city board of health, the city prisons, juvenile delinquent homes, and the like, with the exception of professional men in those departments. At one stroke 1,400 of the city's 2,447 employees (excluding the state-controlled police and firemen) were put on Uncle Sam's payroll. True, they were not paid their full salaries. But they were getting $63,000 a month in all, compared with the $85,000 a month they were supposed to be paid by the city. "And the city owes these men the difference," declared Mayor Walmsley, "and will pay it when it has the funds." The city also owes their total salaries to the remaining 1,047 employees who are working for nothing.

The action of the FERA brought Senator Long back from Washington on the first airplane trip of his life. He arrived on the night of July 3. On Independence Day the legislature was again in session. Early on the morning of July 8 it adjourned. Twenty days from that date the following new laws will be in effect:

All city property taxes will be collected by the state tax collector instead of by the city treasurer, thus putting all the employees of the city treasurer out of work.

All city license taxes will be collected by the state supervisor of public accounts instead of by the city.

The city one-cent tax on gasoline will be collected by the supervisor of public accounts and placed in a special fund for city paving, to be expended only on approval of the Long-controlled state Tax and Bond Board.

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The police and fire boards, now Long-controlled, may borrow in anticipation of their revenues to pay the policemen and firemen, although other city employees are unpaid (save those on relief) and Long has blocked similar loans to pay them.

The state Budget Board will control appointment of all school teachers in the state, making possible the turning over to politics of the New Orleans school system, in which for many years the teachers have been secure in their jobs.

The state Civil Service Commission, composed entirely of Long-controlled state officials, must approve the appointment of every state, parish, and municipal employee, except those elected directly by the vote of the people. This means, in the government of the city of New Orleans, everyone except the Mayor and the four Councilmen.

The city may no longer collect licenses from liquor dealers, from whom the state already collects license taxes, but the additional licenses charged by the city will be collected by the state.

Last but not least—and probably the occasion for the whole business of the legislature's session—five laws provide that anyone who shall use relief funds for political purposes shall be guilty of a criminal offense.

Was there a political purpose in the payment of the city's garbage collectors and other employees with FERA funds when the city could not pay them, considering that the FERA in Louisiana is dominated by anti-Long leaders named by the national administration, which he opposes? May the state Civil Service Commission refuse to approve the appointment of a garbage man—a municipal employee—and then name another man in his place to be paid by the FERA?

There is a primary election coming in January. Senator Long has a seat in the Senate at issue. Eight seats in Congress and many state offices must be filled.

How much longer can the City of New Orleans manage without funds? To what extent can the federal government offset with relief funds Long's control of all the political jobs in the state and its municipalities? How much will this help, with the polls completely in charge of Long-appointed commissioners, an unprecedented situation brought about by yet another special legislative act? And how far can the federal courts go to protect the people of New Orleans and of the whole state from oppression if they oppose the dictator? Already state investigators are probing state income-tax returns, filed for the first time this year, of some of those opposed to the Senator's domination, as though to offset the scandalous revelations of the federal grand jury's probe into the graft-swelled incomes of some of Long's leaders. The next few months will tell the tale.

Storm Over the Virgin Islands

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, July 15

THE publicity given the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands, if figured on a per capita basis, establishes an all-time record. The population of the Islands is 22,000. If the newspaper space devoted to the Islands were divided among them, the share of each individual would be as great as that of a Hollywood star. This is not normal. Something is wrong in the Virgin Islands, no doubt about it. But the Islands receive so much attention as to make that wrong appear to be tremendous. Yet the evidence before the Senate subcommittee last week, which Secretary Ickes says is full of perjury, and which was accepted without cross-examination, is in the main tittle-tattle, and at its worst is not tremendous. What was tremendous was not the testimony but the method of Senator Tydings, chairman of the subcommittee. It is a matter of importance when a Senate committee invites witnesses to appear before it to make charges against a department of government, admits their statements without cross-examination, postpones rebutting testimony until a later date, and when the chairman intersperses the record with his own judgment. Thus Senator Tydings acquitted Judge Webber T. Wilson, the notorious judge of the McIntosh case, familiar to *Nation* readers, simply on the Judge's version of the events.

One reason why the Virgin Islands are in the news is that a politically appointed judge has to be whitewashed. The spoils system is under attack. The highest-ups in the system are involved. Judge Wilson is a protege of Senator Pat Harrison; if he is disgraced Pat Harrison is disgraced. But Pat Harrison may not be disgraced because he is too important as the Administration's lieutenant in the Senate. Secretary Ickes wants Wilson removed. He already has more than irritated Attorney General Homer Cummings, Postmaster General Farley, and Senator Harrison, all of them linked in the chain of the appointment. Senator Tydings now comes out on the side of the spoilsmen. He is hostile to Secretary Ickes. Indeed, he wrote the Secretary one of the rudest letters ever penned in the history of the Senate, when Secretary Ickes protested that he had broken his promise to let witnesses be cross-examined.

So the system of patronage is at stake. The prestige of Secretary Ickes is at stake. The relationship between the Interior Department and the Senate is at stake. Secretary Ickes wants Wilson out; the spoils system wants Governor Pearson out. Pearson is a Republican whom Ickes is hanging on to. But that still does not explain why 22,000 Virgin Islanders get so much newspaper space. If Governor Pearson really were a terribly corrupt man, shielded by a vicious Department of the Interior, that would explain it. But one needs only to reflect upon the passionate charges of Paul C. Yates and other accusing witnesses to realize that Pearson is not a crook and a grafter; nor is the Interior Department a Tammany Hall. All the Virgin Islands people put together would make one fair-sized small town. And the accusations are of small-town caliber, disseminated with the usual small-town distortion and exaggeration by whispers and gossip. Since I wrote the article in *The Nation* on justice in the Virgin Islands I have had interviews with "experts" on the Islands who wished to "set me straight." Most of them impressed me as being per-

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sons obsessed, pursuing fantasies, all innocent of appreciating what an impossible interpretation they gave of human nature. If they were to be believed, the satanic residue is about a hundred times more concentrated in Governor Pearson and Secretary Ickes than in ordinary mortals. One would expect at least a sizable embezzlement a day from the government in the Virgin Islands, and now and then a murder. One listens to them for a while and decides that what they say is not material for the law courts but for the pages of a novel.

Even so, there is something wrong in the Virgin Islands, that is, aside from the patronage problem. It isn't explained by Governor Pearson's corruption, since he is not corrupt. Nor is it explained by calling Morris Davis, the colored leader of the local proletariat and antagonist of the Pearson regime, a prejudiced agitator, which undoubtedly he is. It isn't explained by admitting that Governor Pearson has not made administration in these distant islands as efficient as it needs to be. The fact is that the majority of the Virgin Islanders are hostile to Pearson and to the Department of the Interior which controls him. They were hostile to his predecessor; they were hostile to the Danes who once ruled the islands. They are "agin' the government." Why? Because the government is fundamentally against them. Not consciously, not deliberately, but in the way that so many colonial masters rule their subjects. For the Virgin Islanders, though on a high level of education and ability as native populations go, have mighty little to say about their own affairs. The wealth in the islands is unequally distributed; the tax burden is also unequally borne in an inverse ratio. Voting in this "American" territory is on an income qualification, and local government is by a body chosen by this electorate with members added by the governor's appointment. Here, of course, is the real evil in the Virgin Islands, and until it is cured, there never will be peace, there never will be a popular American government or governor. And there never will be publicity measured on a normal per capita basis.

No doubt about it, Secretary Ickes means well by the Islanders, and he told Paul Yates, when he sent him to be Pearson's executive assistant, to treat the natives "like human beings." Had Pearson not been accused of crimes he never committed, and had the patronage issue never been raised, the Department of the Interior and Dr. Ernest Gruening's Division of Territories and Insular Possessions would have been free to get at fundamental problems. They have prepared a tax-reform bill for the Senate, just a beginning but showing what might be expected if the Islands were not subject to the immediate pressure of the feud. But Pearson was under attack, the department was under attack, and the feud was at its height. Yates went down to help Pearson; he was chosen by him, and he turned traitor. Ex-Congressman Wilson went down to be judge and came to be looked upon as the chief hope of the angry population against the governor and the government. Baer went down as government attorney, a Tydings protege, and turned against the governor. The motives and caliber of Yates can best be illustrated by citing his cablegram sent after his resignation to Stephen Early, the President's secretary: "I, together with other loyal Democrats, have been abused and crucified by a gang of reactionary and thieving Hoover Republicans." The value of Baer is shown by his decision to blast the Republican Pearson regime with a broadside of graft prosecutions—about a hundred of them. The Department of Interior hurried down two investigators to find out what was what. On their report Baer was dismissed, and the department was informed that one straight case of corruption was found—the man is in jail—and there was the famous McIntosh case. Readers will recall that the government tried to drop this case, and that Judge Wilson, overruling the government's motion, proceeded to try McIntosh himself, refused a jury, found him guilty, and delivered a sermon about the cross of Christ that was the finest gem of Americana for the year.

Judge Wilson told about this trial at last week's hearing. He also told about himself, disavowing any knowledge of political conditions. He had never "dreamed," he said, of becoming Governor Pearson's successor. To listen to him, one almost would have thought no finer paragon of judicial probity ever graced a judge's bench. Almost, but not quite. For when he told about the McIntosh case he had to admit that this hapless government servant did testify that he took the supplies with the authority of the assistant director of the Public Works Department, Donald S. Boreham, and that Boreham swore that this was so. "Boreham," related the Judge, of McIntosh's testimony, "had given him [McIntosh] permission to do it [take the lumber and cement] and McIntosh promised to pay it back to him some time or other, which Boreham swore that he did. Which the court did not believe, and I therefore decided that he was guilty." As a matter of fact, payment was in services which McIntosh actually rendered. But that is not the point. Here was the kernel of the situation: Boreham was a government man, a Pearson man. If he were believed, McIntosh would have to go free. If McIntosh went free, the Pearson regime would not be discredited. So Judge Wilson disbelieved the sworn testimony of a government official, found McIntosh guilty, and fined him $200. And McIntosh then listened to the representative of American justice roll out: "You have become a Judas and a Benedict Arnold to your country," after which came the story of the cross.

It was after this testimony that Senator Tydings made the remark: "I have seen nothing about his [Judge Wilson's] conduct in the Virgin Islands in connection with this case that reflects on Mr. Wilson." On this Secretary Ickes wrote to the Senator: "Before this ex parte hearing opened, you assured me that all you wanted was the facts. You told me that you would not permit hearsay evidence. You promised me that the hearing would be impartial. None of these promises has so far been fulfilled. . . . You, in effect, say in advance that any evidence that may hereafter be submitted that tends to give a true picture of Judge Wilson will be disregarded."

This letter stopped the hearing. It pushed the Tydings inquiry under the nose of the President, who smelled it, and had it closed. When it opens again it will not be this kind of hearing. And probably there soon will be a settlement of the Pearson-Wilson head-hunt. The common prediction is that both heads must fall. Pearson will probably go back to private life. Wilson, the story runs, will be given a job in Washington, not for his own sweet sake, but to save the face of Pat Harrison. Which goes to show that the cost of Pat Harrison's face is very, very dear.

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Cold Terror in California

By HERBERT KLEIN and CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, July 15

TERROR has broken out into the open again in California, the state nearest to the setting sun and organized "fascism from above." In the Eureka lumber strike two workers have been slain and scores wounded; in San Pedro Fred Friedl, an official of an A. F. of L. maritime union, was slain by police in ambush, and open street riots occurred after his death. The waterfront situation is tense in San Diego, San Pedro, and San Francisco, with every indication that a showdown on a vast scale is imminent. The state is full of propaganda organizations, such as the reorganized Crusaders, now engaged in spying on relief workers, and the New Order of Cincinnatus. The secret militaristic bodies, such as the Berkeley Nationals and the California Cavaliers, are growing fast. The state itself is arming: the California Naval Militia has been recruited by an intensive radio campaign, and the California Marine Militia is in formation. Both of these militia organizations will be commanded by the regular adjutant general of the National Guard; they constitute, in effect, an indirect attempt to increase the strike-breaking armed forces of the state. The resurgence of terror in California blasts the cheerful assumption of many liberals that oppression on the West Coast has been relaxing, that the terror has been beaten back by a wave of popular repudiation, and that fascist violence is a phenomenon of the past.

It is true that since the conclusion of the criminal-syndicalism trial in Sacramento California has been outwardly calm. The sun shines, the highways are not barricaded, and an EPIC bloc in the legislature encourages the liberals to think that a better day is dawning. But this calm does not augur peace. The period is one of transition from sporadic vigilante activity to controlled fascism, from the clumsy violence of drunken farmers to the calculated maneuvers of an economic-militaristic machine. For the time being the vigilante outrages of 1934 have somewhat abated, but terror—a cold and tightening terror—is everywhere discernible. It is the terror of preparation—violence in embryo. In no phase of the industrial life of the state is this type of terror more clearly reflected than in agriculture, the state's chief industry; and the situation in the field does not differ substantially from that on the waterfront or in the factories and mines. A highly industrialized, heavily capitalized agriculture is mobilizing for action. "We don't want any trouble," is the phrase of the hour, "but we insist on harvesting our crops."

The sort of preparation now being carried on is illustrated by the activities of the Associated Farmers, an organization notorious for the part it played in the agricultural strikes of 1933-34 and in the recent criminal-syndicalism trial in Sacramento, which was, of course, a judicial manhunt directed against the leaders of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union. The San Francisco headquarters of the Associated Farmers maintains an elaborate espionage system. At present its file on "dangerous radicals" contains approximately 1,000 names, alphabetically arranged, with front- and side-view photographs of each individual indexed, and, on the reverse side of the card, biographical information, including notations of arrests, strike activities, affiliations, and a reference to a corresponding number in the archives of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification. Sets of this file have already been distributed to more than a hundred police officers in the state, and a selected list has been sent to members of the association so that they will be able to identify radicals in their communities. Incidentally, the State Bureau of Criminal Identification is closely affiliated with the Associated Farmers, deputies from the bureau frequently working in the field in cooperation with agents of the association. The state bureau had its private investigators sleuthing for the Tagus Ranch in the San Joaquin Valley; it employed, at one time or another, the various stool pigeons upon whose testimony the several defendants in the recent Sacramento trial were convicted.

The Associated Farmers maintain a smoothly functioning propaganda machine. Press releases are issued regularly and members of the organization receive confidential bulletins, some of which are interesting. They explain the operations of the Communist Party, coach members on strike-breaking strategy, point with pride to convictions in radical cases, digest the reports of stool pigeons, quote with approval such comment as that of John Lawrence Seymour, the California composer, that "a planned invasion of America's cultural sources by Communist propaganda is obvious," and encourage the drive toward fascism in the law. In a bulletin issued on March 22, 1935, Judge Dal M. Lemmon, who presided at the Sacramento trial, was congratulated on having instituted a "speed-up" system against the defense, and members of the association were urged to be in constant attendance at the trial. The association has regular radio time. It has four branch offices and it maintains in addition a representative in every county of the state. It is also closely affiliated with the state and local chambers of commerce.

It is interesting to note that Associated Farmers is not, strictly speaking, a farmers' organization. The committee appointed to raise funds for the organization consisted of an executive of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, a representative of the Industrial Association of San Francisco, an executive of the California Packing Association, and a representative of the California Farm Bureau. At the organization meeting at Fresno on May 7, S. Parker Frisselle told those present that the "bankers, shippers, and oil companies" would raise the necessary funds, and also explained that the "farm" label was adopted so that the organization would "carry more weight with the public." Fruit exchanges, packing houses, and shipper-grower organizations, all contribute to the treasury. In the strikes in the Imperial Valley in 1934 Eastern banking interests are reported to have indemnified the farmers for the loss of unharvested crops in order that the strike activities of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union might

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be crushed. Moreover, Associated Farmers is closely affiliated with local grower-shipper organizations throughout the state. The California Cavaliers, a semi-secret anti-labor organization, was formed in Sacramento last February at the suggestion of the Associated Farmers. "We aren't going to stand for any more of these organizers from now on," to quote from a statement of Herman Cottrell, a peach grower, in the Sacramento *Bee*, "and anyone who peeps about higher wages will wish he hadn't."

Organized terrorism in agriculture is producing a system of peonage. By the use of elaborate identification records the growers make the workers conscious that they are being watched and their individual histories investigated. The workers live in guarded quarters which have "no trespass" signs at the entrance and are surrounded during harvest with barbed-wire fences and "moats." The conviction of the leaders of the C. A. W. I. U., on evidence transparently false, deprived the workers of valuable leadership and warned them of the consequences of organization. Such warning was, however, superfluous, more than a hundred arrests having been made in connection with the cotton strike in the San Joaquin Valley in 1934. The great company farm-factories are watched by armed special deputies, and machine-gun equipment has been installed in several establishments. Living in company camps, the workers are made to realize that they can be summarily evicted. The existence in the locality of a sturdy "stockade" is a visible warning of possible concentration. The threat of deportation is constantly used, particularly with the Mexican laborers, many of whom, of course, have illegally entered the United States—a circular distributed in the cotton strike warned the Mexicans that if they did not go back to work they would be "deloused, defilthed, and, if that isn't enough, deported."

The various social-service agencies of the state, instead of investigating working conditions, generally spend their time and exhaust their budgets in investigating the workers. The state and federal employment agencies work in close cooperation with the growers, and the relief agencies obligingly strike names from the relief rolls whenever cheap labor is needed in the fields. That relief agencies have discriminated against workers active in agricultural strikes is well known (People vs. Lillian Dunn and Others, 1 Cal. App. 2d Series, 556). And along the highways are the state highway patrolmen, always ready to break a strike or arrest a worker.

With state officials working under their direction to help ferret out, fingerprint, and incarcerate trouble-makers, the organized big growers have sought to establish a network of "controls" throughout the state. They have pushed through anti-picketing ordinances in practically every county in the state. A sample ordinance adopted in Tulare County a year ago prohibited "unauthorized line-ups of automobiles, concentrations in camps for which permits have not been obtained, and meetings of more than twenty-five persons without permits," and also outlawed lectures, debates, discussions, loitering in alleys, halls, and the like without a permit. With this system of intimidation in force, the growers can penalize interchange of opinion and even prohibit association among workers.

But the preparations do not end at this point. Throughout the state certain curious establishments are in course of construction. About ten miles from Salinas, conveniently removed from the main highway, an inclosure has recently been built. A stout and unbroken wall of planks a dozen feet high forms a rectangular stockade which is divided off into several compartments on the inside, the whole occupying an acre or more. Along one wall are ranged a group of outhouses, the only sign that the structure is intended for humans rather than swine. A water tower rises in solitary grandeur in the midst of the camp. Surrounding the tank is a platform, splendidly adapted for observation, night illumination, and marksmanship. Flood lights are located at the four corners of the stockade in such manner that they can illuminate the interior and also encircle the stockade with a clearly illuminated zone.

When local workers became curious about this menacing structure, they were referred to Mr. Sterling of the Sterling-Harding Packing Company, and to Mr. Church of the firm of Church and Knowlton, both Salinas concerns. These gentlemen informed the workers that the stockade was being built "to hold strikers, but of course we won't put white men in it, just Filipinos." The argument usually advanced is that the stockade will be used to protect strike-breakers, that is, to keep the strike-breakers in and the strikers out. But of course the structure is equally well adapted to herd strikers into and to keep them in.

The fortress defense is a feature of the model labor camp established at Brentwood by the Balfour-Guthrie Company, a large grower concern in which British capital has been prominent. This camp has hot and cold showers, free electricity, a camp caretaker, seventy-five cottages supplied with free gas for cooking, and tents with floors and frames connected with a community kitchen. During the last strike in the community the camp was protected by "a substantial fence surmounted by plenty of barbed wire, with the entrance guarded night and day." Yet despite these evidences of solicitude the owners complained that the "agitators continually referred to it as a stockade, a cattle corral, or a prison, and to its inhabitants as slaves or prisoners." P. S. Bancroft, president of the Associated Farmers' unit of Contra Costa County, in defending the camp said that "obviously the fence and guard were there to keep the lawless element out, not to keep the contented workmen in." Yet when the striking laborers of Imperial Valley set up a camp and strike headquarters in 1934, it was raided by local police, because, to quote from the *Shipper-Grower Magazine* of March, 1934, "it was a concentration camp in which the workers were being kept against their wishes" by Communist labor leaders. The burning question would seem to be, When is a concentration camp not a concentration camp? Who is herding whom and what for?

With these preparations concluded, it is slight wonder that the Associated Farmers announce in a radio broadcast that their members "can go ahead and harvest your crops and not worry about agitators." But air-tight as the system appears to be, it is in danger. Recent hearings in Los Angeles indicate that still further wage cuts for agricultural labor may be expected. The employed farm laborer in California today makes on an average about $300 a year, with about 150 working days; the prevailing hourly wage for farm labor at present is about 22½ cents. Under these circumstances it can only be a question of time until the lid is blown off.

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Revolt in Panama

By CARLETON BEALS

PANAMA, for most Americans, means a canal managed with noble efficiency and providing service to the civilized world. If we recall that Panama is a country larger than Austria or Ireland sprawling for hundreds of miles in either direction from the canal, we probably cherish the easy belief that the people of that unknown land have been greatly benefited by our paternalism. What are the facts?

Enthusiasts about the canal call it a marvelous socialist experiment, a proof that government ownership works. Certainly the administration, though overstaffed, is honest and relatively efficient. There have been no shady stock mergers, no looting of stockholders by bonus slices or trick holding companies. In the Canal Zone there are no rich, no poor, no unemployment. The Governor's house, though the scene of more stuffed-shirt dinners, is only a little larger than other employees' houses, which are rent free except for a small upkeep fee.

Proportionately there is less crime than anywhere else in the world. Sanitation is better than in the United States, mortality lower than in my own university city. Of course, old folks don't stay there to die. But Zone employees receive a 25 per cent bonus because they live abroad in a dangerous tropical climate. They are also eligible for a better pension than any other civil employees. Goods may be purchased in the commissariats at prices from 50 to 75 per cent lower than in the United States, yet those commissariats return juicy profits to our government. Although residents must pay high-binder gas, electric, and ice rates to the Electric Bond and Share subsidiary, soon a new government-dam project will end this. Gasoline costs eight cents in the Zone, twenty-six cents in Panama; standard brands of cigarettes, four to six cents in the Zone, fifteen cents in Panama. The Zone residents are a privileged group, better cared for than the employees of any other large enterprise on earth.

But this is scarcely socialism; rather is it bureaucracy raised to perfection. The Canal Zone is a benevolent dictatorship, a feudal paradise, not an organic functioning entity shaped by the active intelligence of its citizens. Not only is it bad taste for them to criticize the operation of the canal; it is dangerous. He who utters the least breath of discontent is soon on his way back to the United States, along with his payroll relatives who have eased into the same soft haven of stilted green houses, broad screened-in verandas, and moon-flower trellises of this lotus-like climate.

The Canal Zone has long felt that it has been most generous to Panama. Along with the State Department, the banks, and the public utilities, the Zone for a long time ran the little republic through puppet governments; and its dark-skinned inhabitants, not to mention tourists, received all the benefits of low-priced commissariats, cheap movies and restaurants, and hospital service in one of the model institutions of the world. With this large additional business of a hundred thousand Panamanians and half a million tourists annually, more than the entire resident population of the country, the Zone could sell goods ever more cheaply and cut hospital fees ever lower. And this not only created new berths for relatives from the states; it engendered a vast pride in the growing importance of Zone activities. Without doubt the Zone is far more efficient, far more generous to its inhabitants, than is Panama.

The Zonites were shocked, therefore, when a year or so ago the new President of Panama, Harmodio Arias, with commendable independence, journeyed to Washington to complain about these benefits, as well as about certain abuses connected with the interpretation of the 1903 treaty which gave us the Zone. It was at his direct request that the Zone benefits were withdrawn from Panamanians and tourists, and the Zone bureaucracy ever since has been grieved at the ingratitude of the Panamanians, who so suddenly desired to put brakes on the absorption by the United States of all the country's political and economic activities.

But why should Panamanians prefer to pay twenty-six cents instead of eight cents for gasoline? It looked as if the inefficient Panamanian economy were trying to save itself by putting up artificial barriers; as though the Panamanian commercial classes, including large numbers of Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, and Armenians, merely wished a free hand to exploit the Panamanians and the tourists; as though inferior Panamanian doctors wished to charge higher prices for sawing bones. This selfish motive does play a large part, but it is not the whole story. The republic is actually grateful to President Roosevelt for cutting off all Panamanian privileges in the Zone and making Panamanians—and also tourists—buy in Panama at higher prices and die from diseases that might have been cured by cheap expert care.

The business success of the Zone springs from two main factors. First, all supplies are purchased in mass quantities for an uncontested market of 47,000 civil and military employees. Second, no duties, no taxes, no private profits are paid on these goods. As a result no Panamanian merchant could compete. All native enterprise was stifled. And every Panamanian merchant driven to the wall meant more unemployment, lessened purchasing power, reduced government revenues. It was nice to be able to buy cheaply in the Zone, but Panama was thereby deprived of revenue. The more American monopoly expanded, the less Panama could spend for sanitation, schools, paved streets, and the less surplus remained to develop the backward interior. Money was being drained out of Panama to augment American profits, increase the number of American jobs, and make the Zone increasingly a paradise, while Panama sank into misery, with more and more of its population reduced to a peon status.

The evil was accentuated by the Zone's consistent boycott of Panamanian labor. This is officially denied, but statistics tell the truth. Preference is given to West Indian Negroes, mostly British citizens, who form the bulk of the 30,000 aliens in the Zone. Since they speak English, the Zonites are not obliged to learn Spanish. Being so far from

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home, the Negroes are more docile; according to Zone officials, they are also more industrious and dependable. The Zone itself, of course, has no unemployment problem because it callously shoves such difficulties off on Panama. After the building of the canal, hordes of West Indian and Oriental laborers were dumped into the adjacent republic to starve or beg. They and their children live in Panama City and Colón in festering slums, in abject poverty, crime, and promiscuity. In the fire-trap shacks covering whole blocks entire families of ten to fourteen persons occupy one room. The Zone continues to dump its unemployed on Panama in the same way as of old.

Thus in its relation to Panama the canal experiment, however much it benefits its own employees, is revealed as a great feudal enterprise, a brutal monopoly, intent on maintaining its privileges at the expense of the land of which it is a part. Nor does the monopolization stop with the sale of goods. The Panama railroad, which returns millions in profit to the United States government, controls interoceanic communications and has prevented all independent normal communication between the two coasts and between the cities and the interior of the republic. In accordance with the original 1867 concession and the 1903 renewal, Panama receives a beggarly $250,000 gold annuity (we have been trying to force it to take depreciated dollar bills) from the railroad and the canal, the former for the most part supported by Panamanian money. The rest of the income is siphoned out into the United States treasury. When any conflict arises over the interpretation of the treaty or the acts and policies of the railroad, it is settled not by mutual agreement but arbitrarily by United States officials. When convenient, the United States Attorney General rules that the railroad—our government owns all the stock—is a private enterprise; when more convenient, that it is an American government institution.

The Panama railroad is unique. It operates mostly in the Zone but caters to a foreign population. Though it is owned by the government, freight and passenger rates are high. Before me lies the bill of costs of a shipment of machinery, which shows the charges from Panama City to Colón to be higher than the entire cost of shipping from Colón to Barraquilla, Colombia, and then by river and mule-back to far Bogotá. A non-competitive monopoly, the railroad tenaciously refuses to relinquish its unfair exploitation of the Panamanian people. In no sense is it run as a social enterprise to provide the greatest possible benefit to its clients.

Among its numerous advantages, the railroad has that of being one of the largest single landlords in all Panama. Besides its vast tax-free realty properties in the capital, it owns Colón, the second largest city in the republic, except for nine blocks and four scattered lots. It collects ground rents for Uncle Sam from business men, houses of prostitution, open cribs, saloons, gambling dives, pick-up cabarets, hotels, private homes, and the vilest slums on the continent. High ground rents continually force native residents to sacrifice their homes. In no other place in the world is a government the owner of practically an entire foreign city. Not only are the title and present manner of using these properties dubious, but by an improper interpretation of the original concession the railroad flatly refuses to pay taxes, and though the Zone supervises sanitation, it makes no contributions to police and fire protection, public schools, parks, or other necessary public services.

In one portion of Colón, known as New Cristóbal, the United States government, without complying with local regulations or troubling itself to take out building permits, has spent millions in building homes, schools, hospitals, hotels, clubhouses, and playgrounds for American employees, though in the Zone itself there is room for many such developments. The major reason for having thus built up New Cristóbal outside Zone property is said to have been to evade prohibition and other strict American regulations—a conspiracy of our own government to help its citizens evade its own laws. Congress, for instance, appropriated nearly a million dollars for a new Zone high school. This was erected in New Cristóbal on foreign soil. The Panamanians promptly tore down the American flag raised over the new building, but the school refuses to abide by the national school laws.

In other ways also the railroad has stifled Panamanian initiative; it has built tourist hotels, absorbed local trucking and taxi services, monopolized the supplying of vessels in transit through the canal. For more than a decade, though the three million dollars necessary have long been in the Panamanian treasury, the railroad has blocked all efforts to build a road across the isthmus. The War Department has contended that a road would menace the canal's safety, though three Zone governors have reported that actually it is a great military necessity. But a road would reduce freight costs on many things to a fourth of the railroad rates. Many business men have interests in both Colón and Panama City; a road would enable them to save the railroad fare and to motor across at convenient hours. At present, by utilizing the Gatún ferry, it is possible to get across the isthmus in rather bumpy fashion. A Panamanian bus service was started, with fares less than a third those charged by the railway, but the Zone authorities abolished the service. In 1926 the United States at last acceded to Panama's demand and a treaty was drawn up by the imperialist Francis White. Let Panama put up $1,250,000 and cede its entire sovereignty over Colón, and the United States would itself build and control the road. This monstrous scheme was blocked by the single-handed efforts of Deputy Harmodio Arias, now President.

The monopolistic spirit of the Zone is explicable. The employees, with practically permanent tenure, want more jobs for their relatives, for their children, and presumably for their grandchildren, who will not even be American citizens. They are jealous of any limitation of the number of jobs. Now that Panama is at last trying to defend itself, the original contempt of the Zonites for the "Spigomanians" has turned into fury. When the newsreel of President Arias's visit to the White House was shown last year in a Zone movie, he was hissed. Shouts of "Monkey!" went up, although he is one of the most honest and capable executives I have ever encountered. Disconcerting as it must be to the Zonites to have Panama defy the old tradition that it is an inferior land to be ordered about at their pleasure, their ill-will is basically motivated by a struggle for jobs and a snobbish feeling of superiority.

It would be tedious to recount the numerous petty restrictions the Zone has placed on Panama. No Panamanian can cross the Zone to the interior of his own coun-

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try without a costly Zone car and driver's license. The 1903 treaty obliges the United States to maintain adequate communications between the two Panamanian regions on either side of the canal, but such communications exist at only a few points and are interrupted at night. Thus if a riot occurs on the far side, the government is powerless to handle it. If a Panamanian from the far side wishes to go to the theater, he must also pay for a night's lodging in Panama City or Colón. In case of illness, no doctor can be obtained and no patient can be taken to the doctor.

The Zone authorities have persistently refused to permit the installation of a government radio-broadcasting station, so much needed for communication with outlying regions and to provide programs, though under existing treaty arrangements such a station would in no way endanger the canal. For a time the Zone authorities even attempted to control the licensing of radio receiving sets.

In defiance of the treaty the Zone does not permit Panamanian customs collectors or immigration inspectors at the ports. American officials examine the baggage; the immigrant must then go over to Panamanian soil, pay the bill, and after excessive red tape on both sides, return to the Zone to get his belongings. American officials arbitrarily hold passports needed for identification and travel in Panama. A returning Panamanian must prove his identity to Uncle Sam, not to his own government.

The Zonites show their ill-will by a silent boycott of Panama stores and Panama goods. The United States government sells fifty-cent Japanese tennis rackets, but buys Argentinian or Cuban, instead of Panamanian, beef, although it is to our best interests to see prosperous economic and agricultural development of the regions adjacent to the canal. In case of war, with the approaches to the canal cut off by the enemy, the defense could not be maintained more than a month because of lack of food supply. It would be rather pathetic if the remarkable Zone defenses had to capitulate merely because not enough food existed in Panama.

Correspondence

What the Socialist Party Wants

To the Editors of The Nation:

For a long time Ben Stolberg has made it his recreation to hang about the corridors, so to speak, of places where less fastidious radicals are at work in order to pick up tidbits of gossip, scraps of documents, and ideological cigar butts for the delectation of readers unsympathetic to the radical cause. This equips him admirably to write the sort of article on the Socialist Party you recently published, but it scarcely qualifies him to produce a critical piece that would foster public understanding or promote internal Socialist improvement.

I am chiefly concerned about the preposterous yarn regarding the genesis, at Detroit, of the party's present declaration of principles. It is true that in the platform committee I was nominated by Norman Thomas to bring in a draft of a declaration; it is not true that in any particular Thomas sought to lay down the lines it should follow. It was brought back into the committee and, save for the usual deletions and corrections, almost unanimously approved.

I have no wish to evade responsibility for the more controversial portions on war and fascism which Mr. Stolberg, by the familiar devices of judicious omission and skilful juxtaposition, pictures as so hard for logical minds to grasp. Before me, requiring many hours for analysis, were two sets of representative ideas: one, the various suggested declarations worked out by party organizations and printed as alternatives in the convention agenda; another, more important in my estimation, a huge pile of resolutions on party tactics adopted by state conventions and by various locals throughout the country. These did not, of course, entirely agree; indeed at times they sharply disagreed; but nevertheless from them a definite trend of thought emerged, which I conceived it my duty to embody as far as possible in a single declaration expressive of majority desires. Although on war and fascism it seemed wise to follow a contingent policy, rather than attempt to set forth dogmatically the precise manner in which reaction might first precipitate the need for a crisis tactic, even here there was no departure from theoretical positions increasingly taken by the movement abroad and locally in this country.

I am satisfied, because of the conscientious labor I spent on this analysis at Detroit and from a subsequent review of the same material in perspective, that whatever defects the declaration's critics may find in it, it was substantially what a large majority of the party had demanded.

Wilton, Conn., July 3 Devere Allen

The Grand Coulee Dam

To the Editors of The Nation:

In your issue of March 20 James Rorty, in an article about the Grand Coulee Dam, had the impertinence to state that among the "interests concerned not with the use of land but with selling it at a profit" were the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, of which I am a long-time director, the Northwestern and Pacific Hypotheekbank, and the Realty Mortgage Company, of which I am the manager. The Northwestern and Pacific Hypotheekbank under former management had required property in the Quincy Plains, but disposed of all of it in 1910, or about ten years before there was any talk about Columbia Basin irrigation. The Northwestern and Pacific Hypotheekbank owns considerable land, principally in Adams County, nearly all of which has been farmed for wheat and is still farmed for wheat, some years at a loss and some at a profit.

As your magazine seems to be interested in the private affairs of the corporations of which I am manager, allow me to state that I have sold land in the Columbia Basin district for $3 an acre, and it has been bought by resident settlers for pasture. Right near the dam there is of course speculation for town sites and lots, as is usual near any new enterprise employing a large number of men. Neither the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, the Northwestern and Pacific Hypotheekbank, the Realty Mortgage Company, nor several of the other companies mentioned are interested in any of this speculation or lot selling, as they own no land near there. A large amount of the land in the district can be bought from the counties at $1 and up per acre. If the Spokane Chamber of Commerce has stated that there is land available for from $5 to $15 an acre they speak about agricultural land, some of which could not be bought from resident farmers at anything like these prices.

Mr. Rorty asks why condemnation proceedings were not initiated early? If he had taken the trouble to investigate he would have found that at the request of the Columbia Basin League at an early stage the legislature of the state of Washington passed some legislation to prevent speculation whenever

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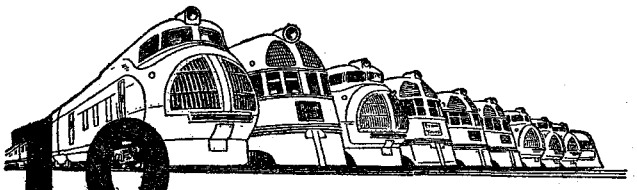

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an irrigation district should be formed. But the irrigation district has not been formed, and if a high dam is ever built it will be probably ten years or even more before there is a chance to form such an irrigation district, in which case the United States government will presumably take good care that the land speculators are not allowed to play their game.

Lately the Agricultural Department has been buying land in different parts of the Northwestern states as it is doing in the Middle Western states, but it has no connection with the Columbia Basin project, and the government has agreed that if fifty acres of such land can be irrigated and an irrigation district is formed, the seller can buy back the land at cost plus 5 per cent interest.

One more statement, Mr. Rorty says that Superintendent J. D. Ross of the Seattle City Light knows that it was the Grand Coulee crowd and the Inland Empire crowd that blocked him when he asked for PWA money to complete the Skagit River development. I do not know who these different crowds are. I do know, as everyone does, that the municipal power plant of Seattle has been trying to cover the whole state of Washington, and it has been stated in the newspapers several times that the City of Seattle objected to the building of the low dam as a competitor in the production of power.

Spokane, June 25 R. INSINGER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As I pointed out in my article, there is nothing illegal about speculation. It is the traditional American pattern. The real-estate business is the business of buying land as cheap as possible and selling it as dear as possible, and where land is condemned, forcing as high a price for the condemned land as possible; and the real-estate business is a perfectly respectable business. It is also true that all owners, including farmers, do the same thing. I pointed out that this pattern is incompatible with any genuine enterprise of functional planning designed to benefit the country as a whole. Well, isn't it?

I regret the inaccuracies that appeared in my article but point out that they were minor. Certainly I directed no attack upon Mr. Insinger and his companies; I merely listed these companies among those holding land in the Columbia Basin, which was accurate. As to speculation in connection with the project, land in the Columbia Basin was certainly changing hands in considerable quantities when I was there; and the promotion campaigns conducted by real-estate companies were certainly in speculative terms—the quotations used in my article, such as "Buy at the Fringe and Wait," were from literature in my possession. Such speculative activity may be relatively negligible, as Mr. O'Sullivan of the Columbia Basin Commission alleges. It is important to keep it so, and my article, like his own official efforts, was directed to that end.

New York, July 8 JAMES RORTY

Dreams and Facts

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Under this title Mr. Max Nomad reviewed my book, "Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels," in *The Nation* of April 24 in such a way that the reader who doesn't know my work would get the impression that my writings are fascist-nationalist propaganda aimed against Marx, Lenin, and bolshevism.

At a time when the whole of capitalist Europe and even America, with vanishingly few exceptions, were as one in shaping political opinion against bolshevism, and there was no talk of "red seductiveness," it was precisely I who published two books, "Geist und Gesicht des Bolshevismus" and "Lenin und Gandhi," in which I took pains to do justice to the ideology of Russian

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communism and the surpassing stature of the revolutionary leaders.

My new book, which has as its subject the wish-dreams of mankind, seeks to place fascism and national socialism rightly in the history of political thought; it follows along the same lines that I have pursued in my cultural activity from the beginning and expect to pursue in the future. It may be that Mr. Nomad is right when he says that books impelled by a desire for objectivity "cannot lay claim to serious consideration." I have also been forced to listen to attacks from critics with fascist leanings who have said that "Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels" plainly flirts with socialism.

Mr. Nomad on many points displays that "sovereign contempt for facts and texts" which he accuses me of showing. Everyone who reads my book will be impressed by the fact that scarcely one type of historical occurrence is treated with less detail than are wars and conquests. Nevertheless, Mr. Nomad numbers me as a partisan of the theory that represents "the historical process chiefly as a succession of wars and conquests." Far from entertaining such a conception, I show how in the majority of cases world-history is conditioned by "dreams" and metaphysico-religious fantasies. I spend 450 pages in doing this, yet Mr. Nomad makes light of my attempt. Without offering any proof he dogmatically opposes me with the idea that every wish-dream has been simply a rationalization of material interests and an expression of personal ambitions.

According to my critic, I offer "barely a hint of the class basis of the ever-changing interpretations given to the concept of 'equality.'" Perhaps no hint—but an exhaustive explanation, which covers in over a hundred pages the path of the bourgeois ideal of equality from the French Revolution to Marx's concept of class and to the "classless equality" of bolshevism.

Mr. Nomad looks at Russia with a great deal of sympathy but little knowledge. But he must know that the terms "millennarian spirit" and deep-rooted "catastrophism," as applied to the Russian national character, which he ironically calls my "profundities," stem wholly from Russian authors, and especially from men like Berdjajev, Arseniev, and Gorki, who must needs know a good deal about the essential character of their nation. Moreover, the skeptical amazement with which Mr. Nomad casts doubt upon the authenticity of a famous statement of Lenin's does not speak well for his knowledge of fact. Why is my unfriendly critic so sure that I have no reason for the citation of this sentence except the wish to distort Lenin's principles thereby?

And since Mr. Nomad lays such great store by "facts and texts," might I ask him on what facts and texts he bases his assertion that Marx during his last days had given up his opinions on partial social reforms? The question whether Marx was for or against evolutionism has filled whole libraries with volumes pro and con, split the socialist movement, and been the occasion for terrible bloodshed. This question Mr. Nomad dispatches with a wave of the hand, and decrees a "conversion" of the great revolutionary which is really more than contestable.

In his remarks on my presentation of George Sorel, the liberty which Mr. Nomad opposes to "facts and texts" reaches its greatest heights. He ascribes to me the thesis that Sorel provided the foundation for syndicalism and the Action Française. I spoke, however, solely of the decided influence that Sorel's ideas exercised on these two currents, just as they have upon fascism. If Mr. Nomad will take the trouble to read the great basic work of Michael Freund on Sorel, he will find stated there all that I have ascribed to Sorel—also the explanation of Georges Valois: namely, the tracing back of Sorel's writings to the idea of "fatherland"; the oaths of allegiance which Sorel, as the spiritual father of the Action Française, gave over to its pages; the writing which Sorel contributed to the publications of the Action. To be sure, Sorel, as a thinker full of contradictions, often changed his views concerning the politics of the day; he later threw overboard syndicalism and activism, and became an admirer of Lenin. But this admiration has had no consequences, whereas from Sorel's theory of power the historic actuality of fascism sprang. It is therefore in no way a "desecration of Sorel's thought" when Mussolini looks upon him as a teacher.

Vienna, May 15 RENE FULOP-MILLER

Langstroth

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your interesting editorial called Coals to Newcastle in the issue of *The Nation* for July 3, you make the statement that "there is no biographical sketch of Langstroth in any encyclopedia." There is, however, an accurate and authoritative sketch of him by Ernest Rob Root in "The Dictionary of American Biography," Volume X (1933).

New York, June 30 CARL VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

C. H. CAMPBELL is assistant city editor of the New Orleans *Item-Tribune*.

HERBERT KLEIN was formerly Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is a California lawyer and journalist.

CARLETON BEALS, journalist and author, has passed many years in Central and South America.

ROSE M. STEIN was formerly research secretary of the League for Social Justice of Pittsburgh. She has recently been engaged in making a digest of the record of the Senate Munitions Committee.

STERLING D. SPERO, coauthor with Abram L. Harris of "The Black Worker," was a member of the research staff which prepared "Labor and the Government," recently published under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Fund.

FREDERICK C. LENDRUM is engaged in medical research at the University of Wisconsin.

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew, and Other Poems."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life."

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Labor and Industry

Seven Against Horvitz

By HEYWOOD BROUN

LORAIN, Ohio, has a church for almost every corner, but religion is the only form of collective bargaining which is tolerated in the town. Mr. Horvitz locked out his staff when it pressed the right of group negotiation, and the Mayor said vaguely that he didn't believe in violence when a Cleveland Guild committee made a protest. Still, it was in Lorain, Ohio, a little later that a managing editor was slapped in the face and the Associated Press considered this episode of such news interest that it sent over its wires a story so vigorous that it made front page in one or two papers in distant New York City.

On the night of July 12 some three hundred citizens of Lorain marched down to the *Journal* plant in defiance of an injunction and shouted their intention to back the Guild in its fight for the right to unionize. That, also, was a rather startling thing, since Lorain is cradled in the shadow of the American Tube Company and the "better" element of the town boasts that it is an open-shop Eden.

By a curious coincidence, Frank Maloy, the managing editor of the *Journal,* is also the local correspondent for the Associated Press. To him the largest Lorain labor meeting in ten years was not news. The fact that his glasses were broken in a scuffle a few days before constituted front-page stuff. Possibly he did but interpret the official feeling of the town, for on the basis of a single slap the Mayor proclaimed a riot zone and sent in men with sawed-off shotguns, and a local judge issued an injunction which prohibits any Guild member from walking any street in the same direction as a *Journal* employee.

Much has been said by the management of the *Journal* about "outside agitators," but no mention has been made of the fact that the scab staff has been recruited from places as far away as New Orleans. Students of journalism may also be interested to know that another recruit is a junior at Ohio State. As a matter of fact, the locked-out staff of the *Journal* has managed its own affairs. The group of seven represents a total of forty-one years of service to the *Journal.* In order to get out a paper Mr. Horvitz has been compelled to hire a staff of almost twice as many men and women. Economy is no object. Lorain fears to face the example of a successful union even if it is one of only seven.

I spent last week-end in Lorain and called upon Mr. Maloy, who fulfils the difficult task of sending out news dispatches for the impartial A. P. and also maintaining the lockout against the American Newspaper Guild. I was of a mind to compliment him on his story of the managing editor who got slapped. It had in it that indignation which is sometimes lost in the quest for neutral reporting.

In reply to my question Mr. Maloy said that he had not written the story of the heroic managing editor. He had merely supplied the Associated Press with the facts. I asked him whether he had supplied the A. P. with any facts about the Guild's big labor mass-meeting. He said that he had not. Bill Davey, national organizer for the Guild, invited Mr. Maloy to attend the meeting just across the street from the *Journal* plant. He pointed out that it might be of potential news interest. Mr. Maloy declined to attend. I am quite certain that any fears he may have had of being molested were groundless since the Guild members were anxious to get their side of the case before the public. But the *Journal* did not send a reporter.

I asked Mr. Maloy as to the authenticity of a rumor which I had heard. It was to the effect that the Associated Press had informed its correspondent that his position as managing editor of the picketed plant and also agent for unbiased reporting might be considered by some a delicate one and would he please make every effort to be impartial. Mr. Maloy seemed surprised by the rumor. No official of the Associated Press had urged impartiality upon him.

Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers and Mr. Sulzberger of the *Times* have both expressed the fear that labor news might not be accurately reported if news staffs were organized. It will be interesting to learn whether they make any protest to the Associated Press about the condition under which an unorganized journalist may both lead a fight to break a union and at the same time report any important phase of the fight without a hint of prejudice.

Since I had no opportunity to write any newspaper account of the Lorain lockout, my own role was that of observer and I do not think the Mayor can accuse me of violence. I did try out an experiment in peaceful picketing but it was unsuccessful. The city room of the *Journal* faces directly on the street. My guide indicated the journalist nearest the window. "That strike-breaker," he said, "calls himself 'a tough guy from Erie.' He says he doesn't need any organization."

I pressed my face against the glass and observed the young man intently. The tough guy was wrestling with "Society Notes from Amherst, Ohio," and making rather heavy going of it. Scrutiny seemed to make him a little nervous. In particular he had fearful difficulty with the head. He wrote seven and tore them up before he hit on one which seemed to him inspired. It ran "Bride-to-Be Gets Linen Shower." And when he had set this down he rather disarmed me by looking up with an engaging smile and winking. I moved over to the open door and said, "Why don't you come out with your own crowd?"

"And wear one of those silly signs?" said the tough guy from Erie, pointing to a picket's placard.

"It wouldn't be anything like as silly as writing about linen showers," I told him, but he didn't come out.

A long morning was spent in talking to thousands of workers coming in and out of the American Tube Company on the 6 a. m. shift, and from what they told us it seems evident that Lorain will be glad to support another paper which will give a fair deal to labor. Fortunately, plans for such a daily publication now seem to be well under way. However, it is only fair to admit that such a paper will not be able to get an A. P. franchise and reap the benefits of its neutral news coverage of industrial disputes.

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Academic Cossacks in Pittsburgh

By ROSE M. STEIN

ON a recent visit to Pittsburgh, America's foremost architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, is said to have remarked, upon seeing the University of Pittsburgh's thirty-eight-story Cathedral of Learning, "That's the most stupendous 'keep off the grass' sign I've ever seen." Mr. Wright had reference to the cathedral's architecture. He was probably entirely unaware that this laconic description prophetically summed up the university's attitude on liberal ideas, and that the structure itself has, in effect, served as a "keep off the grass" warning to students and teachers who have and express any opinion on the controversial social and economic problems which agitate the world. Suppression of liberal activities and the dismissal of teachers who manifest even the faintest pink hue have occurred at the University of Pittsburgh so often that they have ceased to be news. What brings Pitt once again to the fore is that the situation has finally impressed itself upon the public consciousness sufficiently to call forth an investigation by a legislative committee. The investigation, in turn, is significant because, in the light of recent oustings of students and teachers from other institutions, facts revealed about Pittsburgh may very well represent conditions which prevail in many schools, perhaps in all but a few of the better ones.

One after another they came before the committee: a remarkable procession of educators who, not as university representatives but as individuals and as citizens, had dared to address strikers or to speak of their plight, and who had thereby incurred either actual dismissal or the threat of dismissal so imminent that they rushed to find other employment in time to escape the ax. Six testified. But there are many more than six upon whom the ax has fallen or threatened to fall, for reasons other than incompetence or economy, since 1921, when Chancellor John G. Bowman came to Pittsburgh, and especially since 1926, when he conceived the dream of building the highest school—in terms of floors—on money largely contributed by Pittsburgh's millionaires. Twenty-five faculty members have been fired during the last five years, and during the same period fifty-nine others have resigned.

Contributors other than millionaires helped pay for the thirty-eight imposing floors of stone, mortar, steel, and glass—many of the alumni and Pittsburgh's not so rich. But complaints from these latter groups have received scant notice. It was testified, for instance, that during the 1928-29 term the university received a complaint about a member of the faculty. The school's executive secretary called the teacher's attention to the letter, but before deciding upon what action to take, he said, "Now just wait a moment, let's see who this man is." After consulting a Directory of Directors he said, "He is small potatoes. We won't pay much attention to him." It was when this same teacher touched the sensitive toes of Pittsburgh's "big potatoes" that he was summarily fired.

Dr. Colston E. Warne taught at the University of Pittsburgh during the 1927 coal strike. In that year Andrew Mellon's Pittsburgh Coal Company broke its contract with the United Mine Workers of America, known as the Jacksonville agreement, restored the open shop, and drastically reduced wage rates; the miners who struck in protest were blacklisted, evicted from their homes, and given generally rough treatment by the company's hired coal-and-iron police. Dr. Warne became interested in the strike. During the Christmas holiday he visited a number of coal communities and was deeply touched by the plight of the workers. Upon his return early in January, 1928, he addressed the Hungry Club, an open-forum organization of Pittsburgh's business and professional people which meets every Monday for lunch and to hear lectures on topics of the day. Dr. Warne related some of his observations and stressed as means for remedying the conditions he described collective bargaining and government control of the coal industry. Immediately after this talk the Chancellor called him into conference and explained that the board had "reacted very violently" to his speech. The conference constituted an initial warning.

Some time later the Pittsburgh *Press*—a Scripps-Howard publication—asked Dr. Warne to write a series of articles on his coal survey. He casually mentioned the proposition to his dean and found the administration was absolutely opposed to it. The articles were not written. In the course of a discussion of the matter with the head of his department Dr. Warne was given to understand "that the university had an unfinished Cathedral of Learning and that if we were to go seriously in opposition to the Mellon interests, who were counted on to help the university substantially, and other large groups, we would be imperiling the situation of the university."

Within a few months another difficulty arose. In the course of an address to a church group Dr. Warne made remarks which wounded the sensibilities of E. T. Weir, of the Weirton Steel Company. Mr. Weir complained, and as he is no "small potatoes" his complaint received all due consideration. The situation resolved itself into a definite choice: Dr. Warne either had to drop his speechmaking on the coal industry or give up teaching in Pittsburgh's university. He chose the former. But there was a final straw. Dr. Warne was a member of Pittsburgh's Civil Liberties Committee. In a community like Pittsburgh the very few who dare speak out at all are made to bear the full burden of liberal activities. Thus it is not surprising that the same man who dared speak out against the coal barons was also forced to handle civil-liberties abuses, simply for want of someone else to do it. It is as true today, after six years of depression, as it was in 1929. As a member of the Civil Liberties Committee Dr. Warne was co-signer of a petition addressed to the Governor of Pennsylvania urging him to institute an investigation of coal-and-iron police activities. It was after this that Dr. Warne was given to understand that his contract would not be renewed at the expiration of the term, and he obtained another job.

W. E. Chalmers faced dismissal because he addressed a group of taxicab strikers. Fred E. Waltman was fired a month before the term ended for his coauthorship of an

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article entitled Cossacks, dealing with the brutalities of coal-and-iron police. In his case the head of his department was not even consulted. Dr. Whiting was too closely identified with the Student Liberal Club.

The sins of Dr. F. E. Beutel outweighed all others, and it was only through fear of nation-wide publicity that he was not fired on the spot. In 1927 the United States Senate investigated the campaign of Senator-elect Vare, and Dr. Beutel was called as a witness. When asked wherein he had implicated by his testimony the university or "friends of the university," Dr. Beutel offered the following explanation:

> I made no statement involving the university other than to state I was teaching at the university. . . . When you say "the friends" of the university, yes, I testified, in detail, as to the effect of the political activity of the Mellon machine in Pittsburgh, of the amount of money they spent on that election, and the long lines of employees that got paid off at their headquarters after the election was over.

Such frankness was unpardonable. Dr. Beutel was told that he had "no future" at the university, was summarily deprived of the class he valued most, and was given to understand, of course "in all friendliness," that he had better resign. He did.

The university's cardinal stupidity was committed in firing Dr. Ralph E. Turner, the latest victim, whose dismissal took place on June 30, 1934, and resulted in the legislative investigation of a month ago. Dr. Turner was associate professor of history, had been with the university for nine years, enjoyed the highest scholastic standing, and was one of the most popular men on the Pitt campus. He was certainly not the most radical man at the university. That he, rather than any one of the six or seven "marked" faculty members, was the victim was due partly to chance but in greater degree to that peculiar quality in the Chancellor which the report of the American Association of University Professors termed "mystical" and which the Chancellor's own executive secretary described as "unpredictable."

There is, for instance, another man in the history department at Pittsburgh who is just as much admired by the students and the community, and is as active in the League for Social Justice as Dr. Turner was in the Pennsylvania Security League. Carefully measured, the first-named league might even prove to be a trifle to the left of the other. Chancellor Bowman was quoted as having said to the college dean a year earlier in reference to both these men: "What shall we do with these two radicals in the History Department?" He supplied his own answer as to the disposition of one of them. An explanation of why the other man at least was saved may be found in a private conversation between J. Steele Gow, the executive secretary, and Dr. Turner, which has since been made a part of the committee's record.

> He [Mr. Gow] said that no one could tell what the Chancellor's reactions to a situation would be. He said that not even he could tell. That the Chancellor was moody and had peculiar mental states and that he had reactions to situations that could not be rationally inferred by men beforehand. And then he went on to illustrate how the Chancellor judged certain men on the faculty and, as I recall, spoke of at least two examples in which the Chancellor had held a certain opinion of a man because he met the man on the street when he had no hat on, and that the Chancellor held a certain attitude toward another man because he didn't like the necktie that the man wore.

Here then is a situation in which the education of 12,000 students and the destiny of several hundred teachers are determined by the Chancellor's moods and whims, which in turn are affected by the color of a necktie. Dr. Bowman must be, in the estimation of his board, an efficient executive. His salary of $31,500 a year is the highest paid to any college executive in the country. He is paid, the testimony brought out, to be a good manager. This means that he must allow no one under his command to interfere with the feudal control exercised over the community by the wealthy Pittsburgh industrialists who also sit on the university's board.

Quite a number of the present faculty and students were called to the witness stand. Their testimony varied but little: fear, insecurity, espionage, suspicion. Dr. Turner was told that the Mellon-owned Union Trust Company had continually reported on his activities. No one knows who else is being watched. Everyone is afraid. Student activities even remotely concerned with social or economic problems are barred. Evidence of one of the teachers in favor of the university was characterized by J. Alfred Wilner, counsel for the "liberals," as of "no weight" since this same teacher had written a letter some time earlier in direct contradiction of his testimony. This contradiction, Mr. Wilner pointed out, "demonstrates clearly the difference between what a professor actually thinks and what he dares to say in public."

The committee's report censures the university's refusal to charter student organizations as "a distinct tendency to abrogate and nullify any attempt on the part of students to become engaged in activities of a liberal nature." It expresses emphatic disapproval of Pitt's attitude on academic freedom and insecurity of tenure, and accepts as "ideal" the principles for both as outlined and adopted by the A. A. U. P. Finally, it recommends "as soon as the same may be legally approved" a change in the present self-perpetuating Board of Trustees and suggests that fifteen members be chosen by the Board of Directors internally, that ten be chosen by the Alumni from its members, and that five be appointed by the Governor. It further suggests that the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Pittsburgh, and the Chancellor be members ex officio.

The committee has done its duty as well probably as could be expected. The witnesses have all done well. Briefs by counsel are respectively excellent. The state legislature has approved the usual appropriation to the university, representing approximately one-fourth of its total budget, and has done so without any of the reservations recommended by the committee. What now? For a while perhaps calm will reign. No one knows, however, when Pittsburgh's steel and coal and glass and aluminum workers may find it necessary to stage a fight against oppressive conditions. Then teachers will again forget that they have to eat and will speak out. The Chancellor will again call them into conference. Or if he has found it too disagreeable to testify, he will probably delegate that duty to his secretary, who in the "friendliest" way will tell the offending teachers to seek other connections. Thus the cycle will be rounded out. Come to think of it, what right have we to expect anything else from the status quo?

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Trouble in Paradise

Academic Freedom in Westchester

By J. W.

Valhalla, New York, July 9

MRS. RUBY WARNER and Miss Mildred Babcock, teachers in the public schools of Valhalla, New York, have been dismissed after years of service because they had the temerity to join a spontaneous movement for the return of a 10 per cent pay cut. Mrs. Warner, mother of four children, graduate of the University of Minnesota, wife of a college graduate and former lawyer, taught English at School One in the Valhalla district. Miss Babcock, an enrolled Republican, a devout churchwoman, also a college graduate, about to qualify for an advanced degree at one of New York's leading universities, taught social science. For years they wrote and coached the school plays, stayed after school to instruct the laggards, and played prominent roles in all activities. No one had a word to say against either of them. Today they are a storm center in a controversy which threatens to split this little village wide open.

Two years ago Valhalla teachers took a 10 per cent cut. Their salaries had been near the minimum fixed by the state even before that. Recently rising prices made it apparent to all on the faculties of the two schools in the district that immediate relief of some kind was necessary. Instructors called a meeting at School Two, of which G. H. Remsen is principal. Mr. Remsen said he didn't care if they met there but he thought they ought to have the approval of Herman Ronnei, supervising principal of both schools and actual principal of School One. He telephoned Ronnei and got his consent.

The day before the meeting was to have been held thunder broke about the ears of the teachers. Mr. Ronnei was in a rage. He protested that no one had said a word to him about it, ordered the session called off, and warned, "It's going to be just too bad for the ringleaders." A few days later Mrs. Warner and Miss Babcock got notice that their contracts would not be renewed. Teachers in villages of this size have no tenure. They hold their posts at the will of the board, which renews contracts if it so desires, an arrangement which makes talk of "academic freedom" a laughing matter.

Mrs. Warner and Miss Babcock are popular in Valhalla. They are also good teachers. It is, for example, well known that before Mrs. Warner began teaching there students failed regents' examinations in large numbers. One year the entire graduating class flunked and there was no graduation. That was a public scandal. Then Mrs. Warner came. Since then students have passed. Miss Babcock has had similar success. But school boards are not interested in educational advances any more than the United States Steel Company when paycuts are involved.

When the annual meeting was held on May 7, trustees changed the time-hallowed procedure of such sessions and placed the election first on the agenda. Joseph Hanley, Postal Telegraph employee, and Mrs. Mabel Moodie, Republican politician, were reelected president and vice-president, respectively. This done, the trustees railroaded the meeting, prevented supporters of the teachers from speaking, and abruptly adjourned the session when a motion demanding that all trustees resign was before the house.

According to Mrs. Nathaniel Poussette-Dart, a resident of Valhalla for the past fifteen years who is leading the fight for the teachers' reinstatement, nearly all of the 500 residents who crowded the Village Hall that night would have voted against Hanley and Mrs. Moodie had they known what was coming.

Mrs. Poussette-Dart organized a citizens' protest committee which went into action immediately. Students threatened a strike. There were torchlight parades and demonstrations. The entire village was aroused. The trustees retaliated in black-shirt fashion. They spread rumors that a priest had a petition signed by pupils avowing Miss Babcock taught them things the church does not approve, that she taught radical ideas destructive to the community. Mrs. Poussette-Dart says that the reason why the trustees never produced this petition was that the children who signed it also signed a plea begging for Miss Babcock's reinstatement.

Joseph Hanley, Jr., stalwart young son of the board president, went around Valhalla hinting darkly: "If you knew what these women had been doing you'd want to tar and feather them." Students who protested were frightened by state troopers, warned they "might not pass" their examinations, or told they "might not graduate." Teachers who wanted to help Miss Babcock and Mrs. Warner were intimidated and then compelled to sign papers that they had not been intimidated. They had contracts of their own that wanted renewing.

Appeals have been sent to the State Department of Education but so far vainly. Commissioner Frank P. Graves says in effect that there's nothing he can do about it. Miss Lillian Broderick, president of the Westchester County Teachers' Association, has held two "hearings," but those who attended say they were farcical. The association has not lifted a finger.

Meanwhile, the fight for reinstatement goes on. A permanent Teachers' Rights Committee has been formed with the aid of the Westchester Branch of the American League Against War and Fascism and is now functioning on its own. Many prominent educators and others interested in education are members. In addition, a group of ten or more nationally known educators, among them Professor George Counts, Professor Theodore Brameld, and Professor Childs, have agreed to serve on an investigating commission which will weigh the merits of the case. The campaign threatens to become Westchester's *cause célèbre*.

Next Week

Life Insurance:
The New Offensive Against Policy-Holders
by Mort and E. A. Gilbert

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Books and Films

On the Human Face

By ROSS EDWARDS PIERCE

A glory is that lightens in Man's face
At the mere mention of immensities,
Things not yet hinted of this mortal race,
All highest hopes the life may yet release:

An ecstasy as that where curtains drawn—
Far up the shores of morning soars the lark
And from the yellow burning wharves of dawn
The Argonauts swift striving to embark:

Pregnant of all that pyramidal mass
The joys-loves-raptures time may bring to pass
All other loveliness it doth o'erpass,

And no Shakespearean poet ere shall scroll
Its epilogue—or think to plumb the whole
Of this divine infinitude of soul . . .

The Negro's Role

Black Reconstruction in America. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

IT is not surprising that the publication of this book should be hailed as a literary event. Dr. Du Bois is a great personality. He is the hero of one of the outstanding social controversies of recent American history—the great debate with Booker T. Washington, outwardly a clash of conflicting theories of education, actually a bitter political fight over the Negro's place in American society. In this fight Dr. Du Bois stood squarely and bravely for full educational opportunity and complete social and political equality, as against Washington's insistence upon the Negro's adjustment to the inferior status which the white world imposed upon him. While Dr. Du Bois, through his books, through the *Crisis* which he long edited, and through the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which he helped to found, has continued this fight without giving or asking quarter, the struggle has more and more been losing its reality. This is not because it has been attaining its objectives—these are almost as far away as at the start—but because Dr. Du Bois and the movements he has led have never realized the social basis of the things for which they were fighting. The suppression of civil liberties, no matter what racial complications it assumes in the case of the Negro, is primarily the suppression of the rights of labor. To Dr. Du Bois the issue was primarily racial. He never fully grasped the economic basis of racial discrimination, and he therefore never attempted to lead the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to realize the need of working out an economic program. He has held to his racial approach to the Negro problem with increasing intensity, finally reaching the point where he is willing to accept segregation and an independent black economy inside white society as an instrument of Negro liberation.

And now as an old man Dr. Du Bois has turned to reading Marx. The child of this strange intellectual marriage is "Black Reconstruction." Written with all the poetry and fervor of his "Souls of Black Folk," one of the authentically important books of its generation, "Black Reconstruction" sets out to correct the false impressions and disprove the lies and slanders of the white historians of the Civil War and Reconstruction.

The Reconstruction, Dr. Du Bois points out, took place amid "the slime of [an] era of theft and corruption, which engulfed the nation and did not pass by the South. Legislators and public officials were bribed. Black men and white men were eager to get rich. In every Southern state white members of the old planter aristocracy were part and parcel of the new thieving and grafting." New York had its Tweed ring; other states had equally unsavory though less famous machines; the federal government experienced the worst period of corruption in its history, going through a series of scandals in which a Vice-President, a Speaker of the House, chairmen of leading Congressional committees, and Cabinet officers were involved. When the Negro Reconstruction governments showed similar corruption, the South blamed the situation on the Negro and "reiterated this charge until it became history." The Reconstruction governments, on the other hand, despite the inexperience of their members and the poverty of the states they governed, accomplished great and positive gains. They broadened the popular base of the government, they improved the criminal law, they laid the foundation of Southern public education. Much of their legislation still remains on the statute books. The constitutions which they adopted remained in force for years after the return of white control.

This book would have been an important contribution to historical literature if the author had been content to show by this method that the Negro "is an average and ordinary human being who under given environment develops like other human beings." But Du Bois's old race consciousness and new Marxism do not allow him to remain content with the demonstration of this major thesis; they lead him to transform the Negro plantation slaves into a revolutionary working class and make the Reconstruction legislatures into dictatorships of the proletariat.

Not satisfied to accept the fact that the emancipation of the Negro was the result of the defeat of the Southern planters by the Northern industrial capitalists, Du Bois insists that "the black worker won the war by a general strike which transferred his labor from the Confederate planter to the Northern invader." That the Negro participated in the Civil War is a historical fact beyond refutation, but the part he played can by no manipulation of terms be made to fit Du Bois's interpretation. About 178,000 Negroes—78,000 freemen and 100,000 former slaves—fought with the Union armies, and nearly 4,000,000 remained loyal to their slave masters, raising the food, making the supplies, transporting the troops to fight for their enslavement. Nearly 28,000 actually fought with the Southern armies. The Negro masses did not play a conscious and decisive role in their own emancipation. The hundred thousand black men who joined the Federal forces came largely from areas invaded and conquered by the Northern troops. Some joined freely; others were inducted by force, in a process more like the corvée than a general strike. Only on the theory of the last straw could we call these additions to the Northern armies decisive.

But even more fantastic than this thesis of Du Bois's is his insistence that the Reconstruction legislatures were proletarian dictatorships. He declares:

> . . . among Negroes, and particularly in the South, there was being put into force one of the most extraordinary experiments in Marxism that the world, before the Russian Revolution, had seen. That is, backed by the military power of the United States, a dictatorship of labor was

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to be attempted, and those who were leading the Negro race in this vast experiment were emphasizing the necessity of political power and organization backed by protective military power.

This is the central thesis of "Black Reconstruction." A proletarian dictatorship resting on the military forces of victorious industrial capital! Indeed, this was "an extraordinary experiment in Marxism." Dictatorships the Reconstruction governments were, and the dictatorship here, as always, was a dictatorship of the power which controlled the military force.

Marx's hero was the proletariat. Du Bois's hero is the Negro. Du Bois, fresh from his reading of Marx, makes the Negro the proletariat. Everywhere throughout this book, in many ways an extraordinary work, Du Bois's race consciousness distorts his Marxism; so that the net result of "Black Reconstruction" is to add more confusion than light to the understanding of one of the crucial epochs of American history.

STERLING D. SPERO

Medicine Must Be Socialized

The Doctor's Bill. By Hugh Cabot. Columbia University Press. $3.

A LARGE number of families in this country are suffering because they cannot afford medical care. But the problem of paying the doctor's bill is far from being the only economic difficulty connected with our present medical service. For example, thousands of well-trained young physicians sit all day in empty offices. On the other hand, numerous "fashionable doctors" are so rushed that they have no time to examine a patient carefully and adequately. In both cases valuable diagnostic ability is going to waste.

Furthermore, the public has no means of distinguishing a well-qualified expert from an ignorant bungler. Our present laws permit any licensed practitioner to proclaim himself a specialist in any field he may choose, and to perform any operation to which he can persuade a gullible patient to submit. Moreover, the patient who can pay large fees may receive even less scientific treatment than the poor man. The expression of an unbiased diagnostic opinion is difficult when a surgeon can easily charge a thousand dollars for an operation but will have difficulty in collecting more than twenty-five dollars for examination and advice. As a result we have with us the "fee-splitting" racket and an appalling increase in the number of unnecessary operations.

Yet when the Wilbur Committee on the Cost of Medical Care made its timid suggestion of a socialized medical service, the American Medical Association replied with a blast of anathemas. "The issue is one of sovietism versus Americanism," the official journal thundered. The A. M. A. denounced even the august American College of Surgeons for suggesting a prepayment plan for medical costs. It sabotaged the efforts of the Michigan State Medical Association and the Milwaukee County Medical Society to give the public some form of health insurance. It has threatened with ostracism private groups of physicians who have attempted to offer insurance for medical expenses. The complaint about the hardship of payment for medical services is generally answered by the wholly irrelevant argument that our national expenditure for medical care is smaller than the amounts we pay for tobacco, cosmetics, soda-water, and silk underwear.

Why does the A. M. A. take this reactionary attitude? Delegates to the national convention are usually elected because they have been successful in the practice of medicine, and success in our present economic system necessarily means financial success. The House of Delegates accordingly tends to represent opulence and senility. Yet other medical organizations somewhat similarly constituted have displayed a much more kindly feeling toward "socialized medicine." The suspicion is unavoidable that the association which claims the sole right to speak for the profession does not truly represent the feelings of the whole body of American physicians.

Dr. Cabot opens his book with an amazingly lucid outline of the changes in the conditions of medical practice during the past forty years. Our present dilemma is shown to be not the result of "subversive activities" but an inevitable consequence of social, economic, and technical changes. The growth of specialism, hospitals, and complicated laboratory procedures are demonstrated to be the result neither of a demand by the public for fancy frills nor of a faulty emphasis in medical education. Instead, they are necessary developments if recent scientific discoveries are to be applied in healing the sick.

The book makes a careful survey of the various systems of socialized medicine in Europe and also of the numerous forms of organized medical service which exist here. Dr. Cabot obviously does not wish to sell any European system for use in this country. He hopes, however, that unhindered expansion of our own beginnings in the direction of socialized medicine will result in a system adapted to our conditions and needs.

Dr. Cabot has no rigid formula to solve all medical problems. Certain features must be present in the future medical service, however, if the best care that medical science can offer is to be made available to all who are sick. Medical care must be administered by well-integrated groups with adequate hospital and laboratory facilities. Free competition must go; only about 10 per cent of the patients at present can pay a fee large enough for the physician to make any profit, and the future promises only "more and more fierce competition for the privilege of treating fewer and fewer patients." Payment must be based upon some form of health insurance. Health insurance will no doubt ultimately be compulsory, but Dr. Cabot is skeptical of the success of any system that might be created at the present time by a fiat of Congress.

Physicians should probably receive flat salaries: the collection of fees is a very dubious incentive to conscientious medical service. As for the repeated demand of the A. M. A. that the patient shall have "the free choice of a physician," Dr. Cabot notes that the demand for this freedom of choice generally comes from the physicians concerned and not from the patients. Contrary to the official dogma of the A. M. A. the system of socialized medical services should not be wholly, or even chiefly, under control of the profession. The public which pays and the patient who suffers should have a voice, not of course in the technical problems of medical treatment, but certainly in the social and economic aspects of how medical service is to be delivered. The sole right of medicine to exist is that it serve the health of the community, and not that it furnish an income to its practitioners.

FREDERICK C. LENDRUM

Portrait of a Poet

The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges, and the Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon. Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. $10.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS destroyed his personal diary. Another notebook on matters of criticism and of scholarship he kept, and this became the basis for Lahey's biography. Canon Dixon's personal diary, which might have had notes on Hopkins, has not been found. Furthermore, Robert Bridges himself destroyed his own letters to

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Hopkins—just why is not easily determined. Hopkins's poems, then, and these two volumes of his letters are all that are allowed us of his life's record. He disciplined himself even for posterity. But he left to Bridges the decision as to what should become of his poems, and in 1918 Bridges gave these poems to the world. They are record enough for any sensitive reader.

Hopkins's letters to Robert Bridges are, for the most part, letters about poetry, about prosody, and, in the last years, about music. Many of them are detailed criticisms of Bridges's work. Many are analyses of Hopkins's technique, paraphrases of his own poems. These two gentlemen and scholars were intimate only in their aesthetic interests. The man who had renounced medicine for poetry was far from sympathetic with the priest who, had he considered it necessary, might have renounced poetry altogether for service to Christ. Twice, obviously, Bridges and Hopkins came near to complete misunderstanding: once when Hopkins delicately but directly tried to win Bridges to his own God; once when Hopkins wrote the now famous letter stating that he was always thinking of the Communist future.

> The too intelligent artisan [wrote Hopkins] is master of the situation. . . . However, I am afraid some great revolution is not far off. Horrible to say, in a manner I am a communist. . . . Besides it is just. . . . I do not mean the means of getting to it are. But it is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comforts, delight, or hopes, in the midst of plenty—which plenty they make. They profess that they do not care what they wreck and burn, the old civilization and order must be destroyed. . . . But as the working classes have not been educated, they know next to nothing of all this [the value of tradition] and cannot be expected to care if they destroy it. The more I look, the more black and deservedly black the future looks.

A curious formality runs through the one-sided correspondence, from which Bridges obviously gained far more than Hopkins. Many times Bridges altered lines in his own verses because Hopkins had pointed out defects; Hopkins very seldom accepted suggestions. Bridges, to be sure, knew when to stand his own ground; he persevered in his more conservative technique and became one of the greatest Victorian prosodists. The two men spoke to each other as equals, sometimes even bluntly. Apparently they actually saw very little of each other, but their correspondence continued for about twenty-three years, until Hopkins died at forty-five.

The correspondence between Hopkins and Dixon, which covers only the last ten years of Hopkins's life, is more personal. Canon Dixon, a curate in London, remembered Hopkins as a schoolboy. When, therefore, Hopkins expressed his sympathy and admiration for Dixon, who had never had his deserved recognition, Dixon came to love the younger artist. He could, moreover, sympathize with Hopkins's vocation. And even while he urged Hopkins to continue writing he did not quarrel with his supreme faith or question over-much his renunciation. For Hopkins's poetry Dixon had only the highest admiration, acknowledging at once a genius so original that it must have its own way. There was whole-hearted communication between them; and from these letters we learn how sensitive and passionate a schoolboy Hopkins had been, how terribly he had struggled, how much he had renounced for his calling.

Hopkins not only saw and felt with unusual sensitivity; he deliberately attempted to draw into himself every impression taken by his senses so that each in its turn might be registered indelibly on his inner mind. From so acute a sensibility and so intense a cultivation of it he suffered nervously all his life. Delicate from childhood, he came at times close to death from exhaustion due to inner conflict. He was not content merely to describe beauty, he must transmit it directly to the reader. Therefore his need of a new technique, a new syntax, was constant. This process of drawing sensuous impressions inward he calls "inscape." The effects of it in his poetry are easily pointed out. Hopkins, for example, records not a description of the lark's song, but the way it affects his own ear; he describes a starry night, a dappled day, as if his own nerve-ends were giving back their sensitivity. Since he saw everything in motion, his fundamental metaphysical problem was to see unity in the dynamic physical world. Each image, as he gives it, alters. He had a passion for watching the beauty of clouds, of light and shadow. This is evident in the prose essays included in the appendices of these volumes. But his poems also reflect his peculiar sensitivity to motion, to the effects of light. They are, moreover, dramatic, full of action. Denied action himself, denied physical expression of his intense sensuous delight, he projected both in his poetry, resolving it always into the theme of unity, of peace in God.

Actually Hopkins had chosen a calling in accord with only half his mind, utterly contradictory to his almost morbid sensibility. Stomach disorders, nervous prostrations indicate a constant strain. But his will power never broke down. "Feeling," he writes, "love, in particular, is the great moving power and spring of verse." Then he adds: "And the only person that I am in love with [God] seldom, especially now, stirs my heart sensibly, and when he does I cannot always make capital of it. It would be a sacrilege." So all of the feeling, the fresh, violent delight he had in nature, must be willed to God. Youth's intensity of emotion mercifully faded a little; the intellect took hold. But Hopkins never rose to any great office in his chosen calling. About his failure he could be humorous, but he also grieved. And the more he was convinced of his failure, the more he determined to renounce everything but the priesthood. In the eight years before his death he found time to write only twenty poems, but among these were his amazing "terrible sonnets," heart-breaking poems of conflict between doubt and faith, our most magnificent record of the way in which a man's will can prevail even though every sense takes its toll of pain.

On entering the priesthood, Hopkins foreswore poetry for seven years. "The Wreck of the Deutschland," written at the request of a superior, allowed him to take up his pen. The next few years were his most prolific. In this period he learned his technique. Then came the totaling up of his record in his last sonnets. And we have today a small but very precious and original collection of poems. In them is revealed the man's soul, the battleground between a terrible sensitivity and an iron will which had accepted a dogma.

Caught in the religious zeal of his Oxford days, Hopkins was led by Newman into Catholicism. But he was almost biologically determined for poetry. His sensibilities remind one of Dorothy Wordsworth's or of Proust's. Over them he drew down the bars of his faith. Poetry results, always, from inner conflict and must always, for the purpose of the poem itself at least, resolve that conflict. Hopkins's poetry is one of the greatest illustrations of how this creative process takes form in words. Much could be said about his technique. He learned his use of "sprung rhythm" from Anglo-Saxon. He believed that poetic language must be the current language of the age, but he adds that this language "must be to any degree heightened and unlike itself." He noted that his own use of alliteration was unlike Swinburne's in that he used it only for stressing meaning, never for mere sound. He studied Milton's contrapuntal choruses in "Samson Agonistes," and so found that rhythm running against rhythm could be made to stress meaning. The very violence of his feelings and statements demanded that no word be left unstressed if it confirmed meaning, that language must be condensed in order to state emotions felt

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as if all in one flash. His innovations were, in other words, all necessary to his art. Therefore he dared and, for the most part, he succeeded. Hopkins was writing music when he died. Music was merely a purer, less questionable release for a caged heart.

EDA LOU WALTON

Tragic Mississippi

Deep Dark River. By Robert Rylee. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

SOCIAL evil is a complicated thing, and the novelist who would show it both truthfully and effectively must as a rule evolve an elaborate factual structure. When in his admirable endeavor to help the Southern share-croppers Erskine Caldwell writes a story as impossible as "Kneel to the Rising Sun," he injures his cause by his faulty structure. Mr. Rylee evidently has no less at heart the atrocious conditions under which the share-croppers live, and he avoids the pitfall of the young and inexperienced crusader by evolving the very sort of elaborate, casually cruel plot by which actual life prepares its tragedies.

He gives us Mose, a husky young farm Negro who works contentedly for a meager living because his imagination has been completely captured by the great legend of the Christian faith as it has been transmitted to him, after undergoing at the hands of his poetic race changes no less extraordinary, grotesque, poignant, and beautiful than those the same faith underwent at the hands of the stone-carvers of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In giving us Mose, Mr. Rylee gives us in large part his race.

Through a series of credible incidents, one leading inevitably to another, and all of them ironical commentaries on the helpless lot of an underprivileged man in personal conflict with one more fortunately circumstanced, Mose incurs the hatred of Birney, the manager of the plantation on which he works. But even in Mississippi a likable, hard-working, unoffending Negro has some rights. Instead of waylaying Mose and beating him to death, Birney hires another Negro to pick a quarrel with Mose and shoot him. The plan miscarries slightly; Mose kills the trouble-maker in self-defense.

Up to this point the book affords the reader the delighted surprise that comes when he encounters a new novelist who writes with fine seriousness and a profound appreciation of the beauty and tragedy of the human lot—this in spite of the fact that Mr. Rylee's prose, though always sensitive and often moving, is never really distinguished. But with the indictment of Mose for murder and the attempt on the part of Mary Winston, a woman lawyer, to save him, Mr. Rylee's ignorance of the ways of the world betrays him sadly.

It is incredible that anyone with enough intelligence to pass the bar examinations and with several years of active practice behind her could have entered the case with the blithe ignorance shown by Mary Winston. Although she knows that Birney has the active support of the two corrupt sons of the plantation owner, and although she knows that the three have for years carried on an illicit business without any interference from the local officers, with whom they are thick as thieves, it doesn't occur to her that the jury will be rigged, and she enters court relying exclusively on the justice of her case. Although she knows that the plantation Negroes who are her sole witnesses as to the real cause of the shooting depend for their very existence on their white bosses and live in constant terror of them, it never occurs to her that they will be frightened out of giving true evidence for Mose. And when she makes her final plea, she talks to the jury very much in the manner of a Sunday School teacher urging her pupils to better things.

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A lawyer so naive and so ignorant would probably have lost her case even if her client had not been a poor Negro in darkest Mississippi. Yet the difficulties that confront her are true to fact, and taken together constitute a damning picture of injustice and the suffering it entails.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Shorter Notices

The Last of Mr. Norris. By Christopher Isherwood. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

This gently shocking portrait of an international spy, modish as it may be with its bright references to homosexuality, flagellation, and communism, is nevertheless reminiscent of Compton Mackenzie's humorous novels of war-time secret service in the Balkans. The comic method is, in both cases, the same. The secret agent is no longer the stock sinister figure of melodrama and romance; he becomes, instead, a small, mild-mannered, inefficient man, the dupe in most cases of the personages he seeks to betray. While Mr. Isherwood is not so resourceful as Mr. Mackenzie once was in handling the comedy of this inverted cliché, he does manage to furbish his joke until it glitters almost like new. The account of Mr. Norris and his haunts and habits in fatigued London and decadent Berlin is as accurate as farce should be. In its static aspects the novel is clever and creditable. Unfortunately, once it begins to move, the work lacks that which is essential to any fictional venture into international espionage—a good, involute intrigue plot. The end and middle of Mr. Norris are only too inherent in his beginning. At almost every point in his narrative the author lags two or three steps behind his reader, and as a result of this sluggishness a gay little novel turns into an anti-climactic bore.

Tsar of Freedom; The Life and Reign of Alexander II. By Stephen Graham. Yale University Press. $3.50.

Mr. Graham is a belated Slavophile who believes the Marxist movement in Russia only seems to endure and that Slavophilism only seems to be dead. He sees the Russian nation as a mystic entity existing between the Czar on the one hand and the revolution on the other. Its essential nature is expressed by "The Brothers Karamazov," which will outlive all changes of regime. "Tsar of Freedom" is a romantic idealization of Alexander, an attempt to interpret his reign, combined with a series of "philosophic" musings of the utmost triteness. National psychology is the basis of Mr. Graham's interpretation of history. The psychology of the Russian people is humble, mystical, and emotional. It needs a church and a master. The psychology of the radicals and the Westernizers was full of arrogant rationalism, the materialism of the West, and the internationalism of the Jews. Hence it was unsuited to the Russian temperament. Though the author mentions the existence of historic currents which underlie the surface of events and give them their real significance, he fails to tap those currents at many crucial points.

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THIS WEEK'S SESSION UNUSUAL! Why not attend? Address me University of Virginia until July 15th. Yours for streamlined private capitalism, sound money, taxes *from increased business volume* and Money in Motion and the desire to uncover new hard-hitting word Engineers able to take either side. P.S. Should banks be allowed exchange fees as a profit!
J. B. N. CARDOZA.

Films

The Film Library

THE Museum of Modern Art Film Library has just offered at a private showing in New York a specimen of the kind of program which it intends to make available for circulation among libraries, universities, museums, and other institutions throughout the country. This opening bill included the celebrated kissing scene from "The Widow Jones," made by May Irwin and John C. Rice in the nineties; "The Great Train Robbery," the first of the westerns, produced in New Jersey by an Edison camera man in 1903; and an example of a new type of cartoon photography entitled "Joie de Vivre," recently imported from the studios of two young artists in Paris. The bulletin from the Film Library also announces the acquisition of a portfolio of ninety photographic studies made by Edward Muybridge at the University of Pennsylvania in the eighties. Each of these studies is composed of twenty-four individual photographs which record different segments of a single continuous action. As Muybridge's analysis of motion with the still camera was undoubtedly one of the most important steps leading to the invention of cinematography, ownership of this portfolio must cause the same sort of satisfaction to the Film Library that the Morgan library is supposed to experience upon acquiring a Gutenberg Bible or a first-folio Shakespeare. In any case, the Film Library has made an excellent beginning in its attempt to provide a sanctuary against time for what is, in a quite literal sense, the most perishable of the arts. Future Ph.D's, making a study of the early twentieth-century cinema from the standpoint either of its technical evolution or of its sometimes bewildering reflection of our culture, will be grateful for the spirit of devoted foresight which has prompted its founding. It is certain also that the existence of such an institution will have the immediate effect of increasing the prestige of the films in those quarters which still consider a serious interest in them a sign either of affectation or of intellectual decay. It endows them with a kind of respectability which may be only academic but which tends to place them on an equal footing with the other arts.

Among the current pictures which need not encumber the archives of the Film Library is "Escapade," in which William Powell and a newcomer named Luise Rainer are to be seen in an adaptation of a German triangle comedy of Vienna in the period of Johann Strauss and Frau Sacher. Despite Mr. Powell's unconvincing transition from a Dashiell Hammett sleuth to a society artist of the Danubian epoch, the film retains much of what must have been the elegant naughtiness of the original. Several scenes in the artist's studio make the sort of old-fashioned appeal which causes one to remember that there was once an organization called the League of Decency. But the real interest centers on the closeness of Miss Rainer's impersonations of Elisabeth Bergner. The difficulty with Miss Rainer's American debut is not that she has insufficiently mastered the tongue, which is her apology in the trailer following the film, but that she gives us too little opportunity to determine what her own personality may be like. A comparison between her first love passage with Mr. Powell and any of the similar passages in the Bergner pictures will confirm the often challenged assertion that there is such a thing as sincerity in acting. It may be that Miss Rainer has a personality of her own and that she will be permitted to discover it, but in the meantime her emergence on the Hollywood screen is a matter of much less consequence than the advertisements would lead one to believe.

WILLIAM TROY

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